The Outlook

JUNE 20, 1914

LYMAN ABBOTT
Editor-in-Chief

HAMILTON W. MABIE
Associate Editor

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

R. D. TOWNSEND
Managing Editor

THE CANAL TOLLS AND FOREIGN RELATIONS

As the day for the final vote on the bill to repeal the provision for exempting coastwise traffic from the payment of tolls on the Panama Canal drew near, an amendment was offered and apparently accepted by the Administration, declaring that the repeal was not to be interpreted as waiving any rights which the United States may have under the Treaty with Great Britain. While The Outlook has advocated the repeal of the tolls exemption clause on the ground that the subject-matter is not worth an international lawsuit, it has also held that no repeal should take place unless it is accompanied by a declaration to the effect that this repeal is an act of international friendship and not an acknowledgment of wrong-doing or a yielding of American rights. We welcome, therefore, the signs that the Administration is willing to have such a declaration accompany the action repealing the tolls exemption provision.

An explicit declaration that the United States had the right to exempt coastwise traffic was offered as a further amendment. This, naturally, seemed distasteful to the Administration—especially as the President had urged that the repeal be "ungrudging."

In the course of the debate Senator Smith, of Michigan, who is a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations, intimated in unmistakable terms that the reason why the President had urged the repeal of the tolls exemption provision was to conciliate Great Britain in order to secure that country's support in preventing Japan from being involved in the Mexican situation. A few days before it was intimated that the President had urged the repeal in order to induce England to procure Japan's consent to a neutralization of the Philippines. Such reports as these, formed as they are of mingled truth and error, are the inevitable consequence of such veiled references to international affairs as the President made in his Message to Congress asking for the repeal. In that Message he implied, as we said at the time, that the repeal was needed to avert some grave peril in our foreign relations. When he said that, without specifying the nature of the peril or vouchsafing any information as to the relation between that peril and the repeal bill, he invited surmise and speculation. On the whole, the Senate has shown remarkable restraint in discussing our foreign relations under the present Administration. We doubt whether there is another legislative body in the world which would have left the Executive so free from question or attack. If now Senators are going to discuss our foreign relations, we hope that they will avoid doing so by inference and innuendo.

THE SHREVEPORT DECISION

Like a careful builder, the United States Supreme Court has been laying, stone by stone, the foundation for a great edifice. When the work is completed, the Nation will have sure control over its railways. The Court's latest contribution to this great structure is its opinion on what is briefly known as the Shreveport Rate Case.

As a result of this opinion, the power of Congress, and consequently the power of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, over the commerce of the country is established more firmly than ever before. It is not one of the least interesting aspects of this opinion that this enhancement of the Federal power comes as the result of the complaint of one State against certain railways for observing the mandates of another State.

The Texas Railway Commission had required of the railways involved in this case rates between certain Texan cities which gave them advantages over Shreveport, of the neighboring State of Louisiana. Of course these rates affected, strictly speaking, transportation of goods within the State of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Texas; but the result was a discrimination—it is fair to say, an intentional discrimination—in favor of the Texan cities and against the city of Shreveport, Louisiana. Under the direction of the Legislature of Louisiana the Louisiana Railway Commission brought a proceeding against the railways to secure an adjustment of the rates and prevent the discrimination. The Inter-State Commerce Commission concluded that the rates involved were unjust and unreasonable, that the railway companies should cease from charging higher rates from Sheveport to the Texas points than from Dallas, Texas, or Houston, Texas, for an equal distance, and that in carrying out this order they should "duly and justly equalize the terms and conditions upon which they will extend transportation to traffic of a similar character moving into Texas from Shreveport with that moving wholly within Texas."

This opinion, written by Commissioner Lane (now Secretary of the Interior), meant the exercise of Federal authority over commerce within a State. That decision was upheld by the Commerce Court, and in turn has now been upheld by the Federal Supreme Court.

The opinion of the Supreme Court was written by Mr. Justice Hughes. In the course of this opinion occurs this significant sentence: "Wherever the inter-State and intra-State transactions are so related that the government of the one involves the control of the other, it is Congress and not the State that is entitled to prescribe the final and dominant rule."

Aside from Government ownership, there seem to be four alternative ways by which the railways may be regarded:

1. They may be left to be carried on as private enterprises, and we may trust to competition to secure a rude kind of justice. That was the way of the earlier years of railway history.

2. They may be regulated by the States through which they pass, each State prescribing such regulations as it deems best for the interest of its own citizens. That has been tried under the influence of early Populist doctrines, and has brought with it inevitable confusion.

3. Commerce within the State may be regulated by the State, and commerce among the States by the Federal Government. This is the plan the country has been following for the last dozen years or so, and it has become increasingly clear that this two-fold method is not satisfactory.

4. One method remains: The supreme and exclusive control over the railways by the Federal Government. From this latest decision of the Supreme Court it seems that the country is on the way to give this method a fair trial.

If the railways accept this method, and co-operate with the Government, and if the Government will act on the assumption that railway men are honest and are willing to co-operate for the public welfare, and if the Commission will pay equal regard to the interests of the railways, of the shippers, of the passengers, and of the employees, this experiment will have a fair trial, and, we believe, will result in justice and prosperity. If the experiment is not fairly tried, if the railways and the Government work at cross-purposes, inspired by mutual distrust and suspicion, they will prepare the way to the only remaining alternative—Government ownership of the railways.

LABOR UNIONS AND THE TRUST LAWS

The exemption of labor unions from the operation of the Anti-Trust Law by the provision adopted in the House of Representatives recently has been criticised as being class legislation, contrary alike to the reason and to the Constitution. Last week we stated why such exemption was not unreasonable. It is gratifying for us this week to record the opinion of the United States Supreme Court that such exemption is not unconstitutional.

By a law of Missouri, the International Harvester Company was ousted from the State and subjected to a fine. The Company appealed to the United States Supreme Court. One of the grounds for this appeal was that the law discriminated against venders of commodities and in favor of labor unions by the provision under which the anti-trust statutes of the United States are limited "in their scope and operation to persons and corporations dealing in commodities, and do not include combinations of persons engaged in labor pursuits." The same provision likewise exempts organizations and consumers.

In his opinion, adverse to the Harvester Company, as reported in the daily press (we have not the full text of the opinion at hand), Justice McKenna declared: "It

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may be there is a restraint of competition in a combination of laborers and in a combination of producers, but that does not demonstrate that legislation which does not include either combination is illegal. . . . The foundation of our decision is that the power of classification which the Legislature may exercise demonstrates that some latitude must be allowed to the legislative judgment."

The Supreme Court thus holds that the Legislature, and therefore presumably Congress, can put a combination of dealers or producers in a different category from a combination of laborers. We shall not undertake to repeat here the reasons which we gave last week for believing that Congress ought to do so.

CONGRESS: ANTI-TRUST LEGISLATION

The large majorities and slight debate that marked the passage by the House of Representatives of the bills which embody the Administration's programme for dealing with monopoly and corporate wrong-doing may have been a result of party cohesion or of willingness to let the Senate bear the bulk of political responsibility, or both. In the lower house the opposition was perfunctory. The Inter-State Trade Commission Bill passed by a *viva voce* vote—rather, we suspect, on the ground that it was harmless than that it was effective. The Clayton Bill, containing a curious combination of non-related specific provisions, passed by a vote of 275 to 54; of the majority votes, 41 were Republican and 15 Progressive. The bill giving the Inter-State Commerce Commission supervision as to the issuing of railway securities had even a larger majority than the Clayton Bill—the vote was 325 to 12.

The several bills have been heretofore summarized in The Outlook, and (apart from the provision in the Clayton Bill as to labor and farmers' organizations, upon which we commented last week) there was no important change. The Trade Commission created is still a spineless advisory and investigatory committee devoid of any such powers over corporations as the Inter-State Commerce Commission has over railways; the Clayton Bill, with some sound prohibitions of individual things, is still devoid of a clear, effective principle for regulating instead of dissolving and exterminating; the bill as to stocks and bond issues is right in principle, but is incomplete in form.

Will this legislation, if substantially accepted by the Senate, improve or injure business? Three opinions have been expressed: the orthodox Democratic view is that the bills will "hasten and accentuate prosperity;" the Republican leader, Mr. Mann, declares that "the Clayton Anti-Trust Bill is dangerous, and if enacted into law will prove disastrous to business generally;" Mr. Murdock, the Progressive leader, says: "These bills will not solve the problem at which they are directed, but will hoist the problem out of its rut and will force Congress to move on to the true solution;" and he points for that solution to "the creation of a trade commission with real power to determine facts, to prevent unfair trade practices, to differentiate between natural and unnatural monopolies and destroy both."

CONGRESS: ALASKAN CONSERVATION

Mexico and the trusts have loomed large as subjects of comment, so large indeed as rather to overshadow any other subjects. But they are not the only subjects to occupy the attention of the Washington Administration. There are others. And, in our opinion, the others are quite as important.

Before all, there is what may be called the Conservation programme—that is to say, the conservation of the natural resources of our mainland and of Alaska. Congress has already done something with this. What has it done?

First, it passed the Alaskan Railway Bill, suggested by Secretary Lane; this authorizes the President to build and operate a railway in Alaska from the coast to the Matanuska coal-fields, as the only sure means of developing the natural resources of the Territory, and at the same time preventing their exploitation by private interests.

Second, a cause for equal congratulation was the defeat of the Republic Coal Bill, a measure which would have granted to a private corporation a tract estimated to contain about ten million tons of coal, on which the appraised price in the bill was approximately eighty-two thousand dollars, but which was worth nearer thirty millions! But this is not all. A vital principle was involved as well. If the bill had become law, it would have reversed the Federal coal-leasing policy in favor of the old system of land grants in fee simple.

Third, Congress passed the Agricultural Extension Bill, introduced by Congressman

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lever, of South Carolina, a measure which greatly strengthens farming efficiency.

So far, so good. Now, what has Congress still to do? Interesting Conservation bills are pending. Five of the best owe their inception to Secretary Lane.

One of his measures, just introduced, would end the present red-tape government in Alaska by charging a board of three members with the general conduct of all governmental affairs connected with the natural resources and development of that Territory.

Another measure provides for the leasing of Alaskan coal lands. The Outlook has already commended it.

Finally, as an offset to these sensible proposals, a bill has been introduced to abolish the Chugach National Forest in Alaska! This would open to exploitation eleven million acres of land. The bill should be defeated.

CONSERVATION: THE UNITED STATES

As to Conservation in the States, the most discussed subject is that of water power. A bill has now been favorably reported providing for the leasing of water powers on public lands by the Secretary of the Interior, irrevocable except for breach of conditions, but revocable after a period of fifty years by the Government and upon payment to the grantee of the appraised value of his works. The measure further provides that the leases shall require prompt development and continuous operation, that they shall be granted only subject to the payment of reasonable charges, and that there shall be full publicity of accounting. Municipalities are given a preferential opportunity in the applications. The general provisions of this bill are in accord with sound principles.

Another water power bill, not Mr. Lane's, provides for the water power on navigable streams. It permits the Government to charge only for benefits derived by the grantee from head-water improvements. Unless somewhat amended, it should not pass.

Another bill has to do with the disposition of our oil, phosphate, potash, gas, and coal lands. The Outlook has already commended this bill.

Another measure, which we have already referred to as sound, has to do with the safeguarding of radium lands to prevent the possible monopoly by private interests of this invaluable curative mineral. Legislation is necessary; it is shown by the fact that during the period since the introduction of the bill some five hundred additional radium claims have been located by private interests.

Another Conservation measure provides for the division of the public ranges into grazing districts, authorizing the Secretary of Agriculture to regulate the number of stock to be grazed within each district and to fix annual grazing fees. Still other measures would extend payments under the reclamation projects and would amend the mining laws. These are to receive immediate consideration. The bill should pass.

CONGRESS: GENERAL LEGISLATION

Of other pending measures the disposition of the so-called trust bills, as well as of Panama legislation, is elsewhere described.

On the appropriation bills Congress has made excellent progress; nearly all are now disposed of. The one which called forth the most comment was the Naval Bill, with its welcome two battle-ship programme instead of the threatened limitation to one battle-ship.

First in interest in general legislation is the bill providing for Government rural credit banks. The President and other authorities objected to such a plan, and the legislation has thus been temporarily "held up."

Next in interest comes the Immigration Bill, with its famous literacy clause. President Taft vetoed the bill because of this clause, and thereby incurred displeasure from those labor leaders who insist that the time has come to shut down the gates against the flood of foreigners from southern Europe. The bill has passed one house, with the literacy clause intact; if it should so pass the other, a problem would be presented to President Wilson. If he follows President Taft's course, organized labor, lulled into quiescence by the labor provisions in the Clayton Anti-Trust Bill, might take to the war-path again; on the other hand, if the President approves the literacy test, the better elements of our immigrant settlers will regard it as an affront to them. We hope this provision will fail either in the Senate or by the President's veto.

A bill which has passed the Senate is the measure which would create a Coast Guard by combining the Revenue Cutter Service and the Life-Saving Service. The measure should pass the House.

Another bill, also of great popular interest, is that to establish a Federal censorship over

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moving pictures. On this subject we speak editorially elsewhere in this issue.

The bill for the election of United States Senators has passed both houses, and is now in conference. It provides that in any State where no provision is made for procedure it shall be in accordance with the laws of the particular State respecting the election of ordinary administrative officers.

Other propositions which may have early consideration are:

1. The Federal Workman's Compensation Bill.
2. The Seaman's Bill.
3. The bill giving to the Inter-State Commerce Commission jurisdiction over the physical operation of railways.
4. A bill reclassifying railway mail pay.
5. A bill aimed at illegitimate dealings in cotton futures.

The record of Congress so far in some particulars has been not unworthy of its best traditions. We hope that its final record will well justify its existence.

THE MEXICO PUZZLE

Nothing in the Administration's policy with regard to Mexico has been more difficult to reduce to a basis of logic and consistency than its apparent wavering on the question of allowing arms and ammunition to reach the combatants in Mexico. The seizure of Vera Cruz was largely based on the desire to prevent a German merchant ship landing arms for Huerta, but that object was not attained, because there was no method short of a blockade by which the United States could prevent the same ship from landing arms at Puerto Mexico, which is controlled by Huerta. Then came the question as to putting an embargo against the shipping of arms from this country. No doubt this could be done by proclamation, but no such proclamation has been issued. The Antilla, of the Ward Line, carrying large quantities of ammunition for the Constitutionalists, was allowed to leave New York, although it was stated last week that our Department of State was informed in ample time to prevent the shipment if it wished. The intention of Huerta to hold up the Antilla off the port of Tampico with his two little gunboats was abandoned on remonstrance by our Government. That the United States had in international law or practice any authority to prevent one combatant in Mexico from seizing at a port controlled by the other combatant war supplies intended for the latter is far from evident. Finally, the action of our Government in preventing shipment of arms from Galveston on their way to Tampico is inconsistent with everything else that has been done in this matter.

As we write the Antilla is on the point of arriving at Tampico, and the impression in Washington is that she will be allowed to land her arms. The fact that Huerta yielded to our protest against any warlike action by his gunboats at Tampico has been interpreted as evidence that he despairs of ultimate success against the Constitutionalists by arms and is willing to go a long way in assenting to the plans of the Conference at Niagara Falls.

Action at the Niagara Falls Conference seemed at a standstill last week, while negotiations with Carranza to enter the Conference through a representative were still continuing, and a formal reply from Carranza to the latest note from the Mediators was awaited. The delegates from the United States presented a statement as to our attitude with regard to the general plan of mediation already proposed, and it is understood that the statement included indorsement of points already canvassed and the presentation of other conditions.

THE ENGLISH FURIES AGAIN

The history of the English furies during the past few weeks furnishes one of the blackest chapters in the distressing record of the militant movement. Pictures have been slashed—one of them a valuable Romney—an attendant in a gallery feloniously assaulted and badly injured, buildings burned, the King and Queen publicly assailed as torturers, and churches desecrated. Perhaps the most despicable outrage falls under this last category. During the celebration of Mass in the Roman Catholic Church of the Oratory, Brompton, "wild women" rose to shriek their protests against the actions of the Government. Struggling fiercely and shouting loudly, the disturbers were forced out of the church. Many of the members of the congregation followed the evicted furies to the sidewalk, where one of them, a well-dressed woman, hit a militant a hard blow in the face. The crowd cheered the woman who struck the blow. The scene on the steps of the Oratory was extraordinary as the vergers and others plunged out with the shrieking women in their grasp. Twice, it is reported, the vergers actually rolled down

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the steps of the church in the rough-and-tumble fight. The floor of the church near the pulpit was covered with fragments of smashed combs, broken feathers, scraps of veils, and torn handkerchiefs.

The significant feature of these last outrages is contained in the growing hostility of the public at large towards the militants and their outrageous demonstrations. It is seriously maintained by many that it is the duty of the prison officials to let the women convicted of suffragette outrages die in prison if they persist in their attempts at starvation. England is gradually realizing that the provisions of the cat-and-mouse law have made of public order an empty mockery. The London "Evening Standard" publishes a series of interviews with prominent persons, including many clergymen, and all of the latter who are quoted by this newspaper express themselves in favor of the proposal to let the militants die in prison if they so desire. The militants, as The Outlook has long expected, are now reaping fully the fruits of their madness. They have apparently felt that their cause could live only by the sword of outrage, and they are finding that the cause which lives by the sword must in time perish by the sword. Lynch law, no matter in what cause it is advocated, begets nothing but lynch law. If the English militants still persist in their course, it may not be long before it becomes impossible for the Government they have assailed to protect their lives from the brute savagery of the mob.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

Theodore Watts-Dunton, who recently died in his eighty-third year, was one of those figures in literary history who are more significant by reason of their associations and connections than by reason of any work which comes from their hand.

He studied at Cambridge, intending to be a naturalist, then, changing his mind, he studied law, and for a number of years was a solicitor in London. Later, he changed his profession for the third time, and devoted himself to literature. He wrote interesting and influential criticisms for a number of years, his work appearing especially in the "Athenæum." He was also a contributor to the "Encyclopædia Britannica." His article on poetry, dealing especially with meters, at once took its place as a notable piece of historical critical work. There was a kind of detachment about Mr. Watts-Dunton—a quality of disinterestedness—which, in spite of his devotion to a certain school of literature, gave his work unusual weight. He published both prose and verse; but the only work of his which ever attracted wide attention was a novel, "Aylwin," published sixteen years ago. As a piece of fiction it is defective in many ways; but, still, it is a book of rare interest.

Mr. Watts-Dunton had been in his youth a friend of George Borrow, and his edition of "Lavengro" contains some very interesting reminiscences of that remarkable man and his gypsy friends. He also edited "Romany Rye" and "Wild Wales." The atmosphere of his acquaintance with Borrow and his interest in the gypsies pervades "Aylwin;" but the real protagonist of the story is Snowdon. This noble mountain, which dominates Wales, is described with the passion of a lover and the intimate knowledge of a naturalist. All its moods find record in the book, and one lives with it through the pages of "Aylwin" as Mr. Watts-Dunton lived with it. It is chiefly, however, on account of his literary friendships that Mr. Watts-Dunton has been prominent in his life and is likely to be remembered. He was not only the friend of Borrow, but later of Tennyson, of Rossetti, and especially of Swinburne, who shared his home during the last twenty-five years of his life. This brought him in intimate contact with the leaders of the Romantic movement, which he has described as "The Renascence of Wonder." Mr. Swinburne, who was in no sense an easy person to live with, and Mr. Watts-Dunton were peculiarly intimate. Watts-Dunton was a steadying balance in Swinburne's later career.

THE RESIGNATION OF THE DOUMERGUE CABINET

The Doumergue Cabinet has had to go the way of all other French Cabinets and resign. But, unlike most other French Cabinets, it did not resign because it was forced out by Parliament. It resigned, apparently, because of its own will. We say "apparently." Really, it resigned because it had no longer the breath of life. It has held together since early last December. Some months ago it lost two of its most powerful men in MM. Caillaux and Monis. In addition, with the increasing comment concerning the three-year military service system, it found itself broken up into such unsolidarity that it could no longer hold together.

The same thing menaces any Cabinet which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may now be formed. President Poincaré invited M. Viviani, who had been Minister of Instruction in the Doumergue Cabinet, to form a new one. But even so efficient and active a man was unable to get a body of men together who would agree. The President then turned to other able men—M. Deschanel, and then M. Delcassé. But they were both unsuccessful. Finally, he approached a statesman who is rather a remove from the Socialist Viviani—M. Alexandre Félix Ribot. It is natural to mention M. Ribot's first name in speaking of him to distinguish him from M. Théodore Ribot, the great psychologist. Alexandre Ribot is a distinguished member of the French Senate, and was long a member of the Chamber of Deputies. He was Foreign Minister in the Freycinet Cabinet (1890–3), and negotiated for France probably the most important foreign service of any undertaken by the Third Republic—namely, the alliance with Russia. He was repeatedly Prime Minister, and is well known as a high authority, not only on international affairs, but also on finance and education. His "Life of Lord Erskine" has introduced him especially to English readers.

M. Ribot has succeeded in forming a Cabinet. It seems a strong one. Under any circumstances its head, we believe, may be relied upon to represent something of the old-time dignity which distinguished his own Cabinet's policy and that of M. Freycinet, who is still living in an honored old age.

THE GENERAL STRIKE IN ITALY

A general strike in Italy has been proclaimed as a protest against the repressive measures taken by the Government on June 7. The Government prohibited anti-militarist meetings.

The present Government is now headed by Signor Salandra as Premier. He has been subjected to strong criticism, especially by the Socialists and Extreme Radicals. They did not desist from inciting the anti-militarists, especially at Ancona, on the Adriatic. The demonstrations then were characterized by such disorder that the police interfered. The rioters surrounded and struck down the police with bricks, whereupon the police fired, and several rioters were killed. On the same day the railway tracks outside of Ancona were torn up to prevent reinforcements of troops reaching the city quickly. The army engineer corps, however, repaired the damage without delay. A rioter was also killed at Florence, and from many other parts of Italy come reports of disorder.

The well-informed "Giornale Italiano," of New York City, gives some details of the conflict not found in the American press. It would appear from these that the occasion has been taken advantage of by Anarchists to do as much as possible in their own direction, and that it is not to be considered as, strictly speaking, a conflict between labor and capital.

A curious experience for the citizens of Rome has been that, for some days at least, no newspapers have appeared except the "Popolo Romano," which was printed by non-unionist workmen. As time wore on, the citizens began to resent their inability to buy food owing to the closing of shops and stores, and their inability to get about owing to the discontinuance of tram and cab services; hence the troops were cheered in many sections of the capital as they forcibly scattered the street meetings. Other cities were similarly patrolled.

It may be thought that the railway employees throughout Italy quickly heeded the order for a general strike because of the recent discontent as to wages paid, but this does not seem to be the case. However, the rioters have seriously impeded railway traffic by piling up obstructions on the tracks, and, as we have said, even by tearing up the tracks themselves. While the Government, in its operations of the railways, has thus been somewhat hampered, it is found an offset in its control of the posts and telegraphs.

RED CROSS NURSES

The other day the Red Cross sent by torpedo-boat to Vera Cruz five hundred vaccine points, ten thousand quinine tablets, ten thousand cholera mixture tablets, and other medicines. On the battle-ship Wyoming went a large consignment of condensed milk, malted milk, biscuits in paper cartons, canned corn, and canned beans.

Thus the Mexican situation calls attention to our preparedness for possible war, not only as regards the army and navy, but also as regards hospital and supply forces.

It is not generally realized, for instance, that no less than five thousand nurses are already enrolled for service with our army in case of war with Mexico. The Red Cross is fairly flooded with applications from women all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over the country who are anxious to be war nurses; however much their patriotism may be admired, most of them are untrained in technical work, and hence are useless to the Red Cross. The five thousand already engaged are all trained nurses. But it is not every trained nurse that makes a good war nurse. A sturdy physique, steady nerves, and the habit of coolness are prime essentials. Writing to The Outlook, Miss Mabel Boardman, Chairman of the Red Cross Executive Committee, says that a certain number of the nurses are now receiving vaccination for typhoid and smallpox, so as to be ready to respond to any immediate call, and that, at the suggestion of Admiral Fletcher, the Red Cross has already an agent at Vera Cruz, Mr. Jenkinson, and has sent down some nurses who, fortunately, have so far been all that have been needed.

Like all other members of the Red Cross personnel, every Red Cross nurse engaged in war service must wear on her sleeve the brassard authorized by the Treaty of Geneva, and each brassard has its number, registered in the War Department, without whose permission no such insignia are permitted to be worn.

The question has arisen as to the care, not only of wounded Americans, but also of wounded Mexicans. If there were sufficient Government hospitals, of course our Government would be able to take care of them. Under the Treaty of Geneva, we agreed to do such work. The Army Medical Service would probably need Red Cross aid to this end. That Service has already had such aid. For instance, of the nurses sent to Vera Cruz, Surgeon-General Gorgas took nine from the army hospitals at various points in this country, and asked the Red Cross to provide three more, to make up the twelve required.

THE RED CROSS AND THE ARMY MEDICAL SERVICE

The difference between the Red Cross and the Army and Navy Medical Service is this: The Red Cross brings succor not only in time of war, but also in time of flood and of "plague, pestilence, and famine." In time of war the Red Cross acts as a reserve for the Army and Navy Medical Service, both in personnel and in supplies. Sometimes the two bodies also co operate in times of peace. For example, in 1912 the War Department gave up its Army Nurse Reserve Corps, which had then less than a dozen nurses on its list, and accepted the Red Cross Nursing Corps, in which the five thousand graduate trained nurses are now enrolled.

In case large numbers of nurses are required in Mexico it is probable that they would be sent in parties, the head nurse to be an army nurse, and the rest Red Cross nurses. The Surgeon-General of either Service may ask the Red Cross to maintain the entire personnel of some reserve hospital by means of one of the Red Cross hospital units, in which case an army or navy surgeon would be placed at the head of the hospital, and the Red Cross personnel act under his direction. The Government would probably pay so much per day for each soldier in such a hospital; but this would only be for the living expenses and not for the salaries of the personnel, which the Red Cross would provide.

In case of war the Red Cross field unit will supplement the hospital corps companies and be placed under the direction of army surgeons, and the Red Cross Supply Bureau at the Washington headquarters, with its various local depots or warehouses throughout the country, will be able to fill such requisitions as the army and navy surgeons may make for supplies to mitigate suffering.

It is a satisfaction to describe the above conditions. It is to be hoped that war will not come. But, if war does come, it will find this Government and people forearmed as never before.

UNDER FIRE

Admiral Fletcher's full report of the taking of Vera Cruz has now been made public. Direct in statement, simple in manner, it furnishes as convincing evidence of the efficiency and courage of our marines and sailors as has appeared in any official document for a number of years. The romance of action under fire, the glamour that comes from heroic duties simply and unquestioningly performed we most commonly gain from reading of wars remote in time and place. Such a report as this from Admiral Fletcher brings home to us the truth that even among the complex demands of our present civilization the older and still essential virtues of courage and coolness have by no means disappeared.

Admiral Fletcher in his report, of course, could not find sufficient space to give in detail every act of heroism. Apparently with the personnel under the command of Captain

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

W. R. Rush and his fellow-officers of the navy and of the Marine Corps heroism was limited only by the opportunities which came to the individual men.

Characteristic of the courage of the sailors and marines are the following stories taken from Admiral Fletcher's report. Here is the official report on one of the sailors whom Admiral Fletcher recommends for a medal of honor:

S. Clay, ordinary seaman of the battle-ship Vermont, was twice wounded in the forearm during the engagement in front of the Naval Academy. He was ordered to the rear, and in so going assisted another man who was dangerously wounded. He refused further medical attendance for himself other than a first-aid dressing, returned immediately to his station at the drag, and continued his part in the handling and firing of the piece during the remainder of the day, although suffering great pain. . . . Two days afterward, while the battery was intrenched at Las Cocas, this boy was discovered to have escaped from the hospital, where he had been sent, and found his way out to the battery. He was sent back under guard.

Another sailor, commended for his conduct by Lieutenant Richard Wainwright, son of the Richard Wainwright who commanded the Gloucester at Santiago de Cuba, was a gunner's mate from the battle-ship Florida, E. Wertman. Lieutenant Wainwright writes:

Wertman was in charge of a machine gun placed on the crossing of Avenida Morelos and Benito Juarez when firing commenced on April 21. Wertman was under constant fire and from three directions, with no protection, and calmly operated his gun and directed the fire, killing many of the enemy. This gun and its crew were under continuous fire from 11:45 A.M. to 2 P.M.

Lieutenant Wainwright himself together with Lieutenant Castle were commended for bravery and skill by Admiral Fletcher in their work in seizing the Custom-House at the opening of the battle. For many hours, Admiral Fletcher says, they encountered the heaviest and most pernicious concealed fire of the first day.

Evidence of the resourcefulness of our sailors is contained in Lieutenant Castle's commendation of J. G. Smith, fireman from the battle-ship Utah. He was with the Benet Mercier gun detachment.

These guns did not have tripod mounts, and the small struts fitted were not suitable for use in the streets. Early in the action Smith, finding that under these conditions the Benet Mercier guns were ineffective, fired the gun from his shoulder, and by so doing rendered valuable service. This has never before been done to my knowledge.

That following such gallant action our officers and enlisted men should have immediately established an enviable record for the manner in which they pacified a hostile city proves them as intelligent as they are brave. The taking of Vera Cruz is one of the most striking incidents in our military annals. It is no less noteworthy because it is admittedly typical of the spirit and courage of the men in both our army and navy.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL CLASS IN A FACTORY

A hopeful and significant occasion was that of the first graduation exercises, recently conducted by the New York Board of Education in a factory, when forty immigrant women received their certificates of literacy. This class is the result of an experiment made by the firm of Messrs. D. E. Sicher & Co., who operate a large white goods muslin underwear factory, about a year ago, in co-operation with the Department of Education. The object was to eliminate the ten per cent of illiteracy among the foreign workers in the factory.

The class conducted at the factory, in the employers' time, by a public school teacher, is regularly enrolled in Public School No. 4.

The simple exercises at the factory on the evening of June 4, before an audience composed of employers, representatives of labor, industrial experts, and educational authorities, as well as the friends and co-workers of the class, were full of symbolism. More important than better knowledge of machines and materials were the sense of civic responsibility and love for American institutions which the workers expressed in their own words. The motto, "America is another word for opportunity," in large letters above the platform, formed a fitting background.

The work involved in the course prescribed by the Board of Education for a factory class, completion of which entitled these forty women to their public school certificates, was demonstrated by the programme.

This included the salute to the flag; singing of "America;" a physical-training exercise; the story of the evolution of an undergarment, from the cotton in the field to the bobbins for spinning, told simply by six

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

girls; "How to get and hold a position;" and "How to fill out a work report." All the pupils gave evidence of the knowledge of the rudiments of arithmetic, geography, and history, as well as of English.

The significance of the occasion was emphasized by the speakers, among whom were the New York State Commissioner of Education (John H. Finley), the City Superintendent of Schools (William H. Maxwell), the President of the Board of Education (Thomas W. Churchill), and Mary Antin.

The State of New York is said to be the only State in the Union which did not decrease its percentage of illiteracy from 1900 to 1910. The Board of Education is deeply interested in this work of reducing illiteracy among the one-half million adults, mostly immigrants, in New York City. The factory class is the beginning of a work which needs the co-operation of every agency and individual interested in industrial betterment.

This class going forth from the factory school is a body of witnesses to the success of the experiment. It is hoped that other employers will recognize its economic value. With the installation of increasingly dangerous types of machinery, the illiterate worker, by his failure to comprehend directions, is a menace to his own safety and to industrial enterprise.

Mary Antin sees in this occasion a new proof to the world that America is sincere in the things which she promised the world in 1776. The real significance of the occasion, she told the audience, is not that a group of alien girls has been taught to read, write, and cipher, but that America is proving that she believes in the people—all the people, the common people—and she is opening to everybody the stores of universal knowledge, which were for centuries held by the few.

THE COLUMBIA COMMENCEMENT

A distinguishing feature of this year's commencement at Columbia University was the unveiling of the statue of Thomas Jefferson in the quadrangle of the University. The figure in bronze is the work of Mr. William Ordway Partridge. Directly opposite stands the bronze statue of Alexander Hamilton, also the work of Mr. Partridge. Of Jefferson and Hamilton Mr. McAneny, acting Mayor, said in his address: "The years have made us forget the bitterness of their personal struggle, and we remember only the seed, thought, and patriotism that the two great masters put into American thought and American institutions." For the erection of the Jefferson statue the late Joseph Pulitzer bequeathed twenty-five thousand dollars, to which amount was added three thousand dollars raised by public subscription. The statue appropriately stands on the broad stone terrace fronting the School of Journalism, which Mr. Pulitzer also established.

The commencement address was delivered by the President of the University, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, to an army of graduates greater in number than any which had ever been graduated from the institution. Dr. Butler's address was largely directed toward the tendency of our time to regulate legislatively the best activities of the citizen, and so sometimes to distort them through what is sincerely believed to be the greater public interest. He remarked, in the course of his address:

> The cycle will, in due time and after a colossal waste of energy and of accomplishment, complete itself, and liberty will once more replace regulation and restriction as the dominant idea in the minds of men.

On this subject there will be divergences of opinion; and even those who would accept this statement in terms may give it different interpretations in accordance with their understanding of what liberty means.

CUP RACE PREPARATION

The final stage of preparation for the race for the America's Cup has been reached. The three defending yachts have entered upon the contests that will ultimately decide which is to have the honor of resisting the invasion of Shamrock IV. The Resolute and the Vanitie have already tested their wings together upon Long Island Sound, and now, in company with the Defiance, have set forth for the racing course outside Sandy Hook. The Defiance was delayed in these preliminary preparations because her towering mast—almost as tall as the stick of the ninety-footer Reliance—proved more than she could comfortably carry. What modern yacht designers can accomplish in lofty rigging on a seventy-five foot water-line may be realized when it is said that all three defenders had to lower their topmasts in order to pass under the Brooklyn Bridge. The challenger, Shamrock IV, has a mast one hundred and sixty feet high.

Elsewhere in this issue appears a photograph of the Resolute and the Vanitie racing on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sound. In the first races held between these two yachts, the Vanitie, designed by Gardner, showed herself apparently faster than the Resolute, the creation of Herreshoff. It will seem strange if, as the outcome of these preliminary races, the final victor does not bear the name of the Resolute's designer. Herreshoff and the America's Cup races have come to seem almost synonymous. The Defender, the Columbia, and the Reliance all came from his board. It will be a novel and perhaps a healthy experience for American yachting if his younger rivals can prove that our speed supremacy on the sea is not dependent upon the life of a single designer.

WAKING A VILLAGE

Two years ago, out on the brown grass plains of central Long Island, there was a little mosquito-bitten town that boasted two hundred and fifty families, dirt roads, a moribund church, five saloons, and little else. Then came a change. Into the little town came a young minister who had religion, plus energy, plus practical common sense. To-day the same town has macadamized roads, a thriving church, a self-supporting library, cooking, musical, and manual training classes, no mosquitoes, a public bathing beach, a twenty-four-thousand-dollar neighborhood club-house, and some pauperized saloons.

Curing a sick town is much like healing a diseased person. The town "doctor," like the physician, must be watchful, tireless, and, above all, wise. All these qualities the Rev. Fred Eastman brought to Locust Valley, and his panacea has proved effective. When Mr. Eastman first came to Locust Valley, he found that there were indeed two organizations still alive. One was the Matinecock Neighborhood Association, composed of a few well-to-do business men of the community, and the other was the Firling Athletic Club, a club of boys and young men who met in an abandoned shoemaker's hut, about eight feet wide and ten feet long. One of the boys of the club suggested that a mass-meeting be called and Mr. Eastman introduced to the club members.

Once acquainted, Mr. Eastman broached his proposals: first, a more general participation in indoor and outdoor recreations; second, an affiliation with the Neighborhood Association, by which the boys would agree to constitute themselves a recreation department for the whole village. A heavy sacrifice was involved. The boys, in disbanding their club and affiliating with the "grown-ups," would lose their identity and be forced to desert the club founded by a man for whom they had the highest esteem. When, however, the time came for the boys' decision, Mr. Firling, the founder of the club, was the first to agree to the proposals. Then every boy in the club signed.

THE BOYS' CLUB GROWS

With the growth in the activities of the club came the necessity for roomier quarters; and here the innate generosity of the local people manifested itself. Mr. Allen, a farmer of Locust Valley, had a large and well-constructed barn, which he turned over to the Association at a nominal rent. Within a week the boys had fitted up the barn with a vestibule, a dance floor, and a big movable partition; and had sent out a request for equipment. Again the neighbors, rich and poor, responded generously. Everything, from whitewash and cocoa matting to graphophones and a pool table came piling into the new club-house, until every need for healthy amusement was supplied. So Neighbor Allen's barn, standing out in the middle of an open hay-field, became a real, live social center for all the people of Locust Valley. There are only two rules: no liquor and no gambling.

A year's experience of trying to furnish the community with clean recreation proved most valuable. There have been real difficulties, but they have been overcome and the club-house continues to supply the whole community, men and women, old and young, with as many dances, euchres, suppers, and athletic events as the people wish.

But the fullest scope of the Association had not yet been attained. Having made a success of community recreation, some of the thoughtful began to ask: Why can't the Association make a success of community education? Promptly the directors of the Association arranged a conference with the members of the school board. As a result of this conference an arrangement was made by which the children in the schools might have the benefit of classes in cooking and music supervised by the Association. After a year's trial the classes were so popular that the educational authorities decided to embody them, with an additional course in manual training, in the regular school curriculum.

So much the junior members of the Asso-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ciation did for themselves. But the older and wealthier members of the community had not had their eyes closed to the development going on before them. When, therefore, it was decided to attempt the erection of a large club-house, to cost, approximately, twenty-four thousand dollars, the Association was stunned to receive contributions of over twenty-six thousand dollars almost unsolicited. Money, time, and construction materials have been given with open hand; and the new building is ready for opening.

One little town, at least, has proved that community spirit, properly directed, can work a twentieth-century miracle.

AN AMERICAN HISTORICAL SCHOLAR

For a number of years past American visitors to the island of Capri who met the consular agent of the United States, Mr. Thomas S. Jerome, have counted themselves fortunate.

Mr. Jerome's official salary was so small that it served chiefly as a basis for humor with him; but his personality was significant and represented the best kind of Americanism. He lived in a delightful house, the entrance to which, with its jar and vine, was not only an invitation to hospitality, but a sign and symbol of the owner's tastes and interests. His death is not only a loss to the foreign colony in Capri, but to American historical literature.

Surrounded by an interesting library, looking out on the Bay of Naples, Mr. Jerome had been at work for years along lines of original investigation concerning the morals of the later Roman emperors. It was his firm conviction, as it has become the conviction of a good many other historical students, that Tiberius, Caligula, and other emperors whose names have been a synonym for cruelty and licentiousness were by no means so black as they were painted; that the historians who sent them down to posterity clothed in immorality as in a garment were journalists more than historians, and that they caught up and repeated a great deal of untrustworthy gossip. It is quite certain that the stories which have made the years of Tiberius in Capri infamous in many respects grossly misrepresent a man who was not without his faults, but whose faults were largely in other directions. It was certainly a piece of unhumorous cruelty to accuse a man who took into retirement with him a little group of Greek philosophers of having surrounded himself with Greek dancing-girls!

Unfortunately, Mr. Jerome did not live to publish the results of his investigations, which were known and highly valued by some Italian historians, but it is hoped that those results will be made public by others.

BOY ARTISTS

On the corner of Avenue A and Tenth Street, on the East Side of New York City, stands the "Boys' Club," founded a generation ago by some enthusiastic college men who wanted to help "the other half." The work has been going on in many ways unexpected by the founders. One of those ways is in the direction of art. This Boys' Club has an art class and has an annual exhibition. The exhibition has been improving by leaps and bounds; indeed, that eminent painter Mr. John W. Alexander, who acts as judge, told the boys the other day when he awarded the prizes that their "stuff" was a hundred per cent better even than last year. To show that he means what he says, Mr. Alexander has secured scholarships at the National Academy of Design for two of the pupils who win the highest honors each year.

The class is limited to forty boys, and it costs a boy ten cents a month. That is about all the formality there is. The boy may do the thing he likes best. He may copy illustrations from the magazines; he may draw from casts; he may paint just about what he pleases. When he is a little advanced, he even pays some neighborhood beauty among the girls five cents an hour to pose.

It is interesting to note the tastes of these boys. One would never guess what their most popular subject for sketches is. It is a fire-escape! Fire-escapes on Monday, with the week's wash a-flying; fire-escapes at the end of the week, barren of wash; fire-escapes in the early morning and at noon, and with a sunset background, and again with a background of moonlight; fire-escapes, generally with mothers leaning over them and with a baby at hand. At the end of the room is last year's prize, done by one Franchino, aged twelve. It is a fire-escape, of course, and its principal characteristic is a perfectly splendid red blanket.

The greatest amount of fun is in connection with the boys' "hanging committee,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which has just about the same kind of trouble as does the hanging committee at the Academy uptown.

If any one wants to know not so much "how the other half lives"—to quote Jacob Riis's phrase—as how the other half wants to live when it has the chance, he should see this Boys' Club exhibition.

A NEW AID IN POPULAR GOVERNMENT

"But it is so difficult to know how to vote!" exclaimed the lady from Colorado. "Here is the way the Women's Club instructs us to scratch the ticket, and my brother says that it is all wrong and the women are voting for the bad men!"

It is conceivable that either the brother or the club of the conscientious woman voter was wrong. It is also conceivable that many a man voter is faced with the same quandary on election day. While he may know a good deal about the men he helps to elect in the town in which he lives, if it is not too big, he knows a good deal less about the man he helps to send to the State Legislature, and less yet about his Congressman.

Even if he is that rare thing, a regular reader of the "Congressional Record," he does not get the whole or the true story. Many of the most significant things a legislator who is energetically working for right legislation does do not get into the "Record." Yet this is the very type of man the country needs and ought to want to return to Congress.

How, then, put into the hands of every voter of the Nation the actual and not the seeming record of the men who are candidates for re-election? A plan has been devised and is being developed in Washington which should make it unnecessary for the faithful and good public servant to work for his own return, which will as automatically defeat, not only the grafter and the crook, but equally the man whose ideas and actions are not as progressive as those of his constituents.

This plan is that of the National Voters' League; its object is to analyze and digest, not only the "Congressional Record," but caucus and committee votes, and make known to the people of every district and State the plain, unvarnished facts as to the record of the men who represent them. It has no party or personal bias; its strength now and its hope for the future lie in its impartiality and in the efficiency of its service.

The League is based on the assumption that at bottom the theory and practice of popular government are sound; that if the voters of the Nation really have the facts, they will generally do the right thing.

And happily this assumption is not based on theory or idealism. It has been tested and found good in some State elections, notably a recent election in Minnesota, where those who tried the experiment declare that they have discovered a political law. This is what happened: A certain corrupt politician was a candidate for re-election to the State Legislature. His success seemed assured. He was personally very popular, had practically no opposition, belonged to the predominant party, and the second-term custom decreed that he should be returned. Not more than a dozen people in his district knew his real official character. One of these had his record analyzed and given to every elector. The result was his overwhelming defeat by one unknown man. Encouraged by this result, the experimenters tried it on a larger scale at the next State election. In only one district did the people fail to return a good man standing for good measures, and that was in the red-light district of Minneapolis, where the plurality of the candidate was greatly decreased.

What applies to men also applies to measures. A member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, dissatisfied with the "gag rule" which prevailed, made the public understand the rules—and they were changed. In California they tell a similar tale of what intelligent and intelligible publicity among the electorate actually accomplished.

The National Voters' League, then, is nothing in the world but a bureau of information destined to defeat the deliberate attempt or accident whereby the very complexities of our system of popular government have served as the subterfuge for political careers which do not bear close scrutiny. That it is launched under the right auspices is evident from its Executive Committee, which numbers such people as Professor John R. Commons, Mrs. Glendower Evans, Mrs. Borden Harriman, Frederic Howe, and Miss Ida Tarbell. The League is financed by private subscriptions from those interested in the undertaking. The Secretary is Mr. Lynn Haines, and its headquarters are in the Woodward Building, Washington, D. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHY?

Business is disorganized. New enterprises are not begun; old enterprises are curtailing their business; willing workers are laid off; every morning newspaper reports the cry of the unemployed; dividends are reduced or passed altogether. The crops are promising; conditions demand prosperity. But business is not good; prosperity is conspicuously absent.

Why?

Mexico does not want war; the United States does not want war; and yet we are in a state of restrained war with Mexico. American property has been looted; scores of American citizens have been killed. The American flag has furnished no protection; for protection Americans have fled to the English and German flags. The hostility of the Mexicans to the United States is increased; their respect for the courage and efficiency of the United States is diminished. That our relations with England, Germany, and Spain are not more seriously strained is due to their unparalleled patience. That we are not embroiled in actual warfare with Mexico is due to the kindly offices of our South American neighbors. No one wants war, and yet we are on the edge of war.

Why?

We have had the responsibilities and duties of sovereignty thrust upon us in the Philippines. We have fulfilled those responsibilities and performed those duties with notable success. We have substituted law for anarchy, and a domestic government partially representative for a foreign government wholly despotic. We have subdued hostile tribes, made life and property safe, banished epidemics, established a public school system, built good roads, promoted commerce and industry, and furnished protection to a helpless people from foreign aggression. It is now proposed to acknowledge ourselves unable to continue that protection without aid, and to invite Japan and Great Britain to share with us in furnishing it; to abandon the attempt to protect the peaceful citizens from the ignorance of the many and the misgovernment of the few, and to leave this people unaided to struggle their way as best they can from childhood to maturity.

Why?

The answer is simple. This Democratic Administration does not believe in a strong government. It is afraid of a strong government. It fears that the strong government will be a despotic government. It seeks refuge from that peril in weakness.

It confronts great industrial organizations. It does not believe in making the Government strong enough to regulate such organizations and compel them to deal justly with the people. It therefore endeavors to disorganize these business organizations and convert each one of them into two or more competing rivals. Business is disorganized because it is the avowed policy of the present Democratic Administration to disorganize business.

Mexico is torn by contending factions neither of which recognizes the necessary conditions of peace or the modern laws of war. This Democratic Administration does not believe in maintaining a government strong enough to say to both factions: The laws of war toward non-combatants must and shall be obeyed. So it looks on appalled but inert while bandits plunder and assassins murder. It will persuade, but not enforce; it will intermeddle, but not intervene.

It looks across the ocean and sees an island people under the protection of the American flag, learning under American tuition the lesson of self-government. But it does not believe that the United States Government is or should be strong enough to protect and instruct a people on the other side of the globe. It believes that this Nation neither has nor ought to have the power to complete the task which it has begun. It therefore proposes that the United States enter into one of those entangling alliances with foreign nations against which Washington warned his countrymen, pay for this alliance by disavowing the right of the United States to control the Canal built by the money of the United States through the territory of the United States, and then pull down our flag in the Philippines and retire, with confession of our weakness, from our uncompleted undertaking.

It is sometimes said that it makes little difference what men believe if their characters are good. No one questions the character of President Wilson and his advisers. Their intentions are excellent; their spirit is patriotic. But they believe that a strong government is perilous to individual liberty, that in weakness is safety. It is this belief which has invited disaster at home, brought dishonor in Mexico, and now summons us to retreat from the Philippines. Consistently

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

applied, it would withdraw our flag from Hawaii and Porto Rico, abandon our protectorate in Cuba, and transform the Panama Canal into an international highway, owned, regulated, and policed by an international commission.

The American people have the opportunity this fall to elect a House of Representatives which believes in a strong government—able to control the great industrial organization at home, able to protect persons and property in Mexico, and able to carry to a splendid consummation the National work so splendidly commenced in the Philippines. It is for them to decide whether the policy which in fifteen months has brought us to the present conditions, at home and abroad, shall be continued or halted now and in 1916 reversed.

The Outlook believes with Alexander Hamilton that "an energetic government is necessary to the safety of the Union."

THE MORALS OF THE MOVIES

Once upon a time, so the familiar story runs, a fisherman found on the sea beach a bottle. Impelled by curiosity to find out what was inside, he opened it, and from it there issued smoke which assumed the proportions of a gigantic jinn. Turning upon the trembling fisherman, the jinn announced that he had vowed that in revenge for his imprisonment he would destroy whoever released him. The fisherman's wits were in good working order. He expressed the doubt whether the jinn had been in the bottle at all. Naïvely, the jinn returned to the bottle to prove that he had been there, and the fisherman clapped on the cork. Thereupon the fisherman threatened to throw the bottle back into the sea, and relented only upon exacting from the jinn a vow to be thereafter the fisherman's servitor.

This is a parable, it is plain to see, of the motion picture. Man's scientific curiosity is always getting him into trouble. It got him into trouble when he discovered gunpowder, the printing-press, the steam-engine; it has got him now into trouble when he has discovered the means of picturing motion on a screen. This modern jinn, which has been dubbed the movie, seemed as innocuous at first as so much smoke; but it has threatened something more valuable than life—good morals and good taste. It is like every other such discovery—it has incalculable potency for service. The thing to do is not to deplore the discovery, but to follow the example of the fisherman, and by the exercise of quick wit and sound judgment make this huge force a ready slave of humanity.

The very potency of the motion picture in degrading taste and corrupting morals is the measure of its potency as a force for recreation, enlightenment, and education. How can we exact from this jinn a vow to renounce the rôle of destroyer and take his rightful place as servant?

In some way the moving-picture business must be put under restraint by the public. At present such restraint is exercised by a National Board of Censorship and by various State and municipal censors. The National Board of Censorship is a purely voluntary body. It is composed of men and women who have been organized by the People's Institute of New York City. The Chairman of its General Committee, Mr. Frederic C. Howe, who is also Director of the People's Institute, tells in the course of an article printed elsewhere in this issue some interesting facts concerning the moving-picture business in this country and the influence upon it which is exerted by this voluntary censoring body. Is the control exercised by this Board of Censorship, to which the principal moving-picture concerns voluntarily submit their products, and to which they give considerable financial support, adequate for the protection of the public and for keeping the moving picture in the place where it belongs? There are some communities that evidently do not believe so. Four States (Ohio, Kansas, Pennsylvania, and California) have official censorship, and so have a number of cities. The complaint is made that the worst films are never submitted to this National Board of Censorship, and that some films are approved by this National Board which local censors have found objectionable on the ground of their immorality, or vulgarity, or suggestion to violence and to crime. People whose disinterestedness and public spirit are unquestioned differ on this question. Many regard this voluntary arrangement as both theoretically the soundest and practically the most efficient. Others regard it as in practice defective and in theory essentially unsound.

There is now before Congress a bill for the establishment of a Federal Motion Picture Commission which "shall license every film

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

submitted to it and intended for entrance into inter-State commerce unless it finds that such film is obscene, indecent, immoral, or depicts a bull-fight or a prize-fight, or is of such a character that its exhibition would tend to corrupt the morals of children or adults or incite to crime." According to this measure, no film could be transported from one State to another, or from any foreign country into the United States, without the license of this commission. This would practically require a license for every film exhibited in the United States, for the number of films which it would be commercially profitable to manufacture for exhibition merely within the State can be regarded as negligible.

There are many arguments which have been brought forward for the establishment of such a commission. We shall not attempt to rehearse those arguments here. The readers of The Outlook who are particularly interested in this discussion are referred to the public document comprising the Hearings before the Committee on Education of the House of Representatives, Sixty-third Congress, Second Session, on Bills to Establish a Federal Motion Picture Commission.

The question is not whether there should be public control or not. That question is already settled. Not only is there public control exercised by this voluntary Board, but also by the Federal law which prohibits inter-State transportation and foreign importation of prize-fight films and by various State and local bodies. The question is whether the present control is adequate and efficient.

This is a question of fact and not of principle. On this question of fact we should like to get the testimony of our readers. There is not a town in this country, there is scarcely a community in which there is a public hall, in which motion pictures are not exhibited. There is certainly not a reader of The Outlook who, either directly or indirectly, through interest in some child or young person, is not concerned with the character of the moving pictures exhibited in his locality. For our own guidance, and, if need be, for publication in part or in whole, letters from our readers who can testify as to the facts of the effect of moving pictures upon the morals and the taste of those who see them will be welcome. It is to be remembered that there is great diversity of taste and great variation in moral judgment when applied to specific instances. It is certain that no formal method of censorship can insure the observance of the highest standards of intelligence, of taste, or of moral judgment; but that fact does not relieve the community or the Nation from the responsibility for protecting the public from obvious transgressions of morals, of taste, and even of intelligence.

BEYOND THE GATES OF PAIN

A man who knew and loved Phillips Brooks and Dr. Munger declared that he was helped more by the latter than by the former. "Bishop Brooks has a glorious nature," he said, "but he has never known sickness and the weariness and discouragement that come from it. Dr. Munger has been a semi-invalid. He knows what it is to pull against the current, to fight depression, to win courage and faith at the point of the bayonet. I have had to fight physical weakness half my life, and Dr. Munger's victory over the conditions which cripple men has helped me more than Phillips Brooks's splendid health."

The race is not always to the swift nor the divine ministry of helpfulness to the strong. No victories are more inspiring than those won against heavy odds. They who have won the race on crutches have also won the hearts of those who saw the struggle.

The current number of the "Journal of the Outdoor Life" reprints an article which Dr. Trudeau, himself a victor in a lifelong fight against sickness, prefaces with a few touching words of introduction. "My friend, the brave man who wrote this essay," he writes, "asked that it be given to me after his death. . . . This, the last message to humanity of one who drained unflinchingly, to its very dregs, the bitter cup Fate held out to him, should be helpful to the great army of those who are ill, for it emphasizes the joy of restored health, testifies that under any conditions life is worth living, and that even to those who fall in the fight the greater victory is attainable." From this record of an experience which sounded the deeps of pain and despair The Outlook reprints a few moving paragraphs: "At the age of twenty-seven, when the taste of some success in my chosen career was known to me, I was stricken with tuberculosis. After two and a half years of effort I regained my health and went back to work. My only child had died of tubercular

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meningitis, probably contracted from me. Three years ago I was overcome by a second attack of the malady and am now dying from it. For six years of my life my companions and friends have been the tuberculous, almost exclusively; and I think I know somewhat of them. . . . The real horror of this disease never has and never will be written. The romance has been given to the world inimitably by Stevenson. But the truth of what it means in the inner life of men and women, for sheer terribleness, will never be put into print."

Nevertheless—and the transition from hell to heaven is in that word—there are two great and noble rewards beyond the gates of pain:

One such, that to-day comes to many of us, is stupendous. The way it came to me was this. I had been ill for several months, but gradually improving. On one of my regular visits to my physician he said to me, "You are going to get well." I said, "Really?" and went home. There was no one at home and I sat down to play the piano. Perhaps I was a little excited. Suddenly it took possession of me. Like a fresh breeze blowing a summer sea it spread across me—I was going to be like other men again, I was going to have a chance at life again! You men who have never been taken out of life do not know what this experience means. . . .

I have seen a man, who thought he was doomed to blindness, have the bandage taken off his eyes after an operation, and cry out, "I can see!" fall on his knees before the physician and kiss his hand and his clothes, and fairly exhaust himself in an ecstasy of feeling. He could somewhat understand my feelings.

If life is to be measured by experience and the quality of experience, if we are to estimate existence by the things that happen to us, what they do to us, in very truth, I cannot regret that I have had tuberculosis. It was a high price to pay most certainly, but I would pay it once again without a hesitation, merely to know the feelings I went through that day and many days thereafter, when first the huge, soft thought suffused my sense, that I was once more to have part in this world.

But that is not the revelation that tuberculosis has for most of us. It lies in quite a different sphere, and, to an unskilled pen, is difficult adequately to state. There is something at once extremely surprising and revolutionizing in a man's idea about himself and the world in which he lives, about everything in fact, when it comes home to him that it is possible to live a life as full, as deep, as interesting, as exciting, tied to a porch and an invalid chair, as when caught up in the whirl of a city's strife. . . .

To some of us the song of the open road is nearly irresistible; when the red gods call we have to go. . . . "It is a wonderful world," we say, and, "It is good to be alive." But the man who has gone through the schooling of tuberculosis has seen this earth with other eyes than that, and has learned another lesson. The penny philosophies which have so powerful attraction for the modern mind, with their gospels of health and success and pleasure, he laughs at when he does not weep over them. For the stupendous secret, which all his suffering and all his disappointment and all his deprivation have burned into his being, is the fact that man can live within this universe not having these, and laugh and grow and pass from understanding unto understanding and thank the gods that gave him the chance to be.

"What is to come we know not; but we know
That what has been, was good—was good to show,
Better to hide, and best of all to bear."

THE SPIRIT OF THE BACH FESTIVAL

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OUTLOOK

BY FULLERTON L. WALDO

THE same spirit that has led the Moravian missionaries at Nain in Labrador to teach the Eskimos to play Bach's chorales on the tenor tuba, the trombone, and the cornet is the soul of the annual choral festival at Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, held this year on May 29 and 30.

A decade ago, when I had the pleasure of playing as an invited amateur in the orchestra at a Christmas festival, they gave the music in the plain four-square old Moravian church, where the stones lie flat in the graveyard's immemorial peace. They had the Christmas Putz around the pulpit—the said Putz or "adornment" consisting of fir trees, with a star of Bethlehem at the top; and afterwards I was taken to a private house and regaled with cookies cut in fan-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tastic forms in the presence of a very fine domesticated variety of Putz, that monopolized the parlor with its representation of the Christ-child in the manger, and water running into a pool in which tin geese floated, feet upward; for the small boy of the house had shot them with his pop-gun, and rushed out when he heard the foreign knock upon the door.

In those days they kept the soprano trombones (of a type obsolete elsewhere) in the little closet on the right of the organ-bench, and got them out when the willing amateurs mounted to the belfry to blow to all points of the compass their sliding, stertorous muezzin—"Wachet auf" or "Schmuecke Dich" or the "Crusader's Hymn"—to let the faithful know that the Festival was about to begin.

Soon afterward it was decided in a solemn conclave that two dollars for a ticket of admission meant a parlous invasion of the spirit of the money-changers in the temple; so the choir-loft was torn out, the little trombones no longer flashed in glory on the ridge-pole of the meeting-house, but gathered dust in their niche beside the organ; and Dr. Wolle went for a while to the Pacific Coast, marooned and miserable without his "Mass in B Minor," his "Second Brandenburg Concerto," his eager singers from the steel works and the University. Now he is back again and happy, and the Bach Festival has crossed the river that divides the Bethlehems to the cruciform ivied church upon the campus of Lehigh University, amid oaks and chestnuts, on the slope of the green hills. And if you mount to the belfry fifteen minutes before the hour, there you will find the Moravian players with their *Blaseninstrumente* as of old, willing to debate the difference between C sharp and D flat until the first long-drawn ululations startle the squirrels from their eyries in the tree-tops. Dotting the greensward far below are straw hats and frivolous un-Moravian bonnets that have come from Dan and Beersheba, John O'Groat's and Land's End; and under these hats and bonnets in many cases are skilled professional visitants whose singing is mightily impressive in the chorales, when the audience (or is it a congregation?) has the chance at last to release its pent-up feelings in a tremendous diapason with the choir.

What makes this singing so remarkable and gives it the cogent power to bring thousands of persons from "all over" to the four sessions, of an hour and a half each, to hear one hundred and ninety-one performers with organ and (nowadays) full-fledged professional orchestra?

It is the absolute devotion of the Bach Choir to the genius of Dr. J. Frederick Wolle and the music of Bach.

I snuggled into a corner by the organ for a few minutes, on the side away from the audience, that I might see him in the full swing and fervor of unconscious action as the choir sees him, taking its guidance from his face as well as from his hands—and, indeed, from his shoulders, his genuflecting body, his whole being. He uses no baton. His fingers are as lively as a deaf-mute's. What it means for a conductor to have the musicians "in his grasp" is literally exemplified. Now the digits expand like a water-lily's petals, now they are clenched like a miser's; even the corrugations of the arteries seem to mean some delicate mutation of a phrase, some dynamic shading too subtle for the tongue to tell of. The singers breathe and feel, relax or agonize, with him; they would sing their very lives away rather than disappoint his impassioned pleading for his climaxes.

This time it was indeed a thrilling episode in the unaccompanied motet "Sing Ye to the Lord," when, without a warning beforehand to the singers, Dr. Wolle ceased beating time altogether, and merely stood, St. Cecilia-wise, waiting and listening for a matter of five minutes or more. It showed not only his life-and-death jurisdiction over his choir by the sheer moral effect of his presence, but their supreme control of themselves, their fugues, and counter-subjects. There was not an instant's indecision.

As for Dr. Wolle's knowledge of the score—never shall I forget that in 1904, with one hundred and sixty voices and half a hundred instruments going full blast at the final rehearsal, my unlucky eleventh-hour fiddle blundered. I played a C natural where C sharp was indicated. At once his ear detected the discrepancy, and the light of his countenance flashed my way with a little cry, "C sharp!" and a smile well tempered, like Bach's clavichord. A little flustered, I repeated the error later on. Again the wonderful smile and the same chastening free from justifiable anger. That patience, manifested at faithfully attended rehearsals twice and thrice a week throughout the running year, has made the greatest choir and the finest sequence of choral performances in the country.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMPAIGNING IN COAHUILA

BY GREGORY MASON

STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK IN MEXICO

"THOSE fellows have been trying long enough to capture that place. I'm going down to get it myself. If I must lose a given number of men, I'd rather lose them in four hours than in four days."

Thus spoke Pancho Villa while his men were hammering vainly at Ojinaga early in the revolution. He was as good as his word, and took the border town within a few hours after his arrival on the firing-line, driving the Federals across the river to an American prison camp, where they are to this day. The policy of quick, decisive action which he laid down then he has followed since; and it has brought him victory after victory, till now the mere word that Villa is coming is almost enough to put his enemies to rout. The aggressive methods with which Grant ended the Civil War are new in Mexican warfare, and are not understood by the Federals. "Why can't a man wait a decent interval after one victory before pursuing the next one?" they ask, petulantly. Villa's "hammering campaign" has them on the run, and Mexico City seems their destination, with no stop-overs *en route*.

The worst of it is that to see any battles in Mexico to-day one must have the speed of a Mercury, for all the engagements are running fights, with the rebels doing the fighting and the Federals the running. Villa himself missed the battle of Paredon, the only fight of the campaign on Saltillo, and but for the courtesy of a small band of Colorados (men of the north who have enlisted with Huerta), who obligingly shot at the special car of the war correspondents, the latter might have believed the war a sham one.

We *corresponsales universales* hitched our box car *de luxe* to the train of General Manager Calzado, of the Constitutionalist railways, and left Torreon behind the twenty-troop trains that were to disgorge twenty thousand soldiers as near to Saltillo as the damaged tracks would permit.

The district around Torreon is called the *laguna* country, for it was once the bed of a huge lake which has evaporated, leaving only a few ponds between Torreon and Cacama. Beyond these glistening lakelets, populated with flotillas of ducks, geese, and swans, is a steady rise to Hipolito, which lies in a curl of the tail of the gigantic Rockies, flicked across the continent like a whiplash.

Hipolito is a town without a tree, but with a monument. During the reign of Diaz a firm of enterprising monument-makers in Philadelphia sent an agent into Mexico with a train-load of statues—simulacra of the patriots of Mexico, Juarez and Hidalgo, or images of them as they were conceived in the Philadelphia imagination. In the squalid Plaza of Hipolito, now used as a corral for horses and cattle, stood one of these works of art in stone—a mild-eyed, broad-chested Quaker in a cassock, which the benighted peons were asked to believe was the likeness of their patriot priest. As he stood there erect, head tilted back, looking over and beyond carrion-covered Hipolito eastward to the cloud-crested and fog-tipped mountains, his stony nostrils seemed contracted and lifted in disgust from the rotting bodies of dogs, mules, and steers that crowded his pedestal. Poor old Hidalgo! Could he see his country to-day, war torn and blood soaked, might he not be pardoned a sigh that the lapse of a hundred years had carried it so short a distance toward his goal of a contented democracy?

In Hipolito Villa parked a dozen trains holding eight thousand cavalry and four thousand infantry, while the remainder of his army, all cavalry, went on to the point where torn-up rails forced them to take out their horses for the march on Paredon, a Federal-filled town which gets its importance from the fact that it is the junction of the lines from Torreon to Monterey and from Torreon to Saltillo. Villa holds a slight opinion of infantry, using it only for garrisoning towns and protecting his rear, and, indeed, a dismounted soldier is helpless in the Mexican desert, where water-holes are few and far between.

We had not been in Hipolito half an hour when five stretchers passed our car, going toward the hospital train behind us. Suspecting that an outpost skirmish had taken place, we rushed to the *cuartel general* for information, only to learn that the stretchers contained the first day's toll of accidental

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shooting—one dead and four wounded. Soon the doctors had their hands full with the men hurt by careless gun handling and with those who rolled from car roofs or thoughtlessly went to sleep under trains.

A Mexican is careless of life, including his own. Though trains were clanking up and down the eight tracks at Hipolito all day long, women and children played tag under car bottoms, and I even saw a slit-eyed soldier place his blanket roll on a rail for a pillow and compose himself for a nap with no apparent fear of decapitation. Two ladies on the car just ahead of ours quarreled over the attentions of an Adonis of the ranks, and one, a big black woman who looked like a Negress, lighted a hand grenade one evening and blew off her rival's head.

Traveling in the midst of the *pelados*, we were able to get a closer view of them than is possible to persons who shoot through Mexico on the rear platform of a Pullman and go home to write hysterically of the poverty and misery of the country. Poor the people are, but not in the mass unhappy. At meal-times our car was often surrounded by people begging for a few beans or a crust of bread, and women grubbing in the dirt for corn that had passed undigested through horses were not an uncommon sight in the army camps. Such scenes, it must be remembered, are ensuing after three years of revolution that would have stripped a country of average wealth to barren ground. But while the lot of a Mexican peon is not a happy one for a well-fed American to contemplate, there is far more happiness to the square inch in squalid, half-starving Mexico than in the slums of a large American city, or in a glamourless, hard-driven American factory town.

Of glamour, Mexico to-day has its full share. Nowhere has warfare ever been so picturesque: the excitement of the start for the front, when, as the long trains gather momentum, the men stand up on the swaying cars, shooting as wildly as they yell, but with more danger to bystanders, while their sweethearts, yelling also, wave *serapes* or the men's sombreros, or wrest a rifle from a lover's hands and join the fusillading; the happy hours of the dusty journey when booming guitars soothe *companeros* with heads pillowed on the laps of their ladies; long drowsy waits in the heat of noon with the engines drinking at the water-tanks, all talk stopped for the *siesta* hour, and the only sound the hum of the cicada undaunted by the rocking heat of the desert that rises in billows above the grave outline of the mountains; evenings around boisterous fires after a meal of *tortillas* and *jerke*, the shrill chatter of the children, the subdued conversation of wives, and the loud laughter of the other women who follow camps, the boastful bickerings of the men, then deep sleep for every one and a quiet over the silver desert broken only by the occasional quavering bark of a coyote and far off the faint bell-like notes of the mocking-bird; all this for days, then suddenly the hasty disembarkation from trains, the long ride overland to a temporary camp where the women are left, the sudden attack on a mountain town, victory after a succession of rushes, in which friends are taken by shrapnel and Mauser, with the triumphant burst into a tiny plaza littered with the bodies of your enemies, the ride back to the encamped women, your pockets bulging with queer-shaped bottles, your saddle draped with ribbons and laces; or perhaps the fierce counter-charge that breaks the nerve of *la tropa* and sends you and your companions galloping for cover while your officers curse and empty their revolvers at your fleeing forms. But if you are a Villaista, such a rout is not likely.

Picturesque the wars of Mexico certainly are; but refining, never. General Bravo, the Federal commander who defended Torreon with great gallantry when it was attacked by the Constitutionalists last fall, said to a foreign Consul, who told the story to me: "The worst feature of all this bloody business is the effect it is having on the next generation. How can children brought up in the midst of indescribable horrors and cruelties be anything but cruel, hardened men and women?"

How, indeed? A youth spent in travel with a rollicking, careless soldiery where might is right and power is plunder may produce good fighters, but will it develop wise governors and a sound electorate for the future? For utter savagery the children frequently surpass their elders. While we were in Hipolito a bull was slaughtered for beef, and half an hour after the killing, while the adults were treating the meat for *jerke*, the children appropriated the less savory portions of the animal. A little girl of five was dragging the brute's head around by the horns, stopping occasionally to tear a piece of raw meat from the neck, upon which she chewed reflectively

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

while watching with interest the efforts of her brother, a year younger, to make himself a belt from the viscera. A few feet away another boy was dramatizing a human skull which a coyote had dug from a soldier's grave. With the imagination of childhood, he convinced himself for the moment that the skull was that of the arch enemy of his class, for he held it at arm's length, addressing it as "traitor Huerta"—with a prefix of profanity and obscenity—then casting it upon the ground in a vain effort to break it on the loose cinders. This performance was repeated five or six times, until he forsook the grim relic of war to snatch up the tail of the dead bull, which promised better material for a girdle than that with which the other boy was profanely struggling.

As we were pulling out of Hipolito for Fraustro, a town by virtue of a railway switch, but at that time a terminus, thanks to the track-destroying Federals, word came that 3,000 men under Generals Raoul Madero and Pablo Robles had taken Paredon in a fight that was finished before Villa could get to the scene of action. The Constitutionalists lost only thirty men and captured one-fourth of the 4,000 defenders of the town; fifty men and thirty-five officers of the enemy, including three generals, being reported as "killed in action." A mortality of nearly four officers for every five men is rather suspicious; and it was also a curious coincidence that the only Federal officer who came alive out of Paredon as a prisoner had been a classmate of a Constitutionalist general at a French military college. If Villa does execute captured officers, however, he cannot be greatly blamed for it. The parole of an officer of Huerta is worthless, and the Constitutionalist prisons are already overcrowded. It is to Villa's credit that he offers all the captured regular Federal rank and file an opportunity to enlist with him, and treats the wounded soldiers of the enemy with as much consideration as his own. The day after the battle of Paredon the wounded of both sides were brought into the hospital train in carts, from which the poor devils were carried on stretchers up the steep embankment to the White Cross cars, the Federals expecting every moment to be butchered, as many of them had slaughtered wounded rebels. Their surprise was worth seeing when they were gently lifted into cool, clean cars lined with mattressed bunks and told that they were to receive every comfort available.

As he was about to operate on a slender youth in the drab-linen uniform of a Federal regular, whose right shin-bone was bullet-shattered, I overheard one of the surgeons say to his patient: "We are going to treat you and your companions like brothers. All the care we can give you will be yours. Francisco Villa is not the cruel butcher that your officers paint him."

Gradually the news of Villa's increasing mercy is filtering into the ranks of the Federals, despite the efforts of their officers to persuade the men that the rebel chieftain is an ogre whose principal pastime is torturing prisoners. With the growing understanding of this rather new aspect of Villa's character is a growing disposition to surrender to Villa with only a half-hearted struggle or to desert to his banner outright. A Mexican likes to be on the winning side, and it is now quite evident who is winning in Mexico. Even at Torreon the Federals had begun to be faint-hearted.

A correspondent who risked his life repeatedly by entering the zone of fire at Torreon told me that on the Hill of the Cross, back of the city, one evening he overheard several Federals chatting with the rebels into whose lines the former had come.

"*Companeros*, you ought to join us and fight with Villa," said the men of the north.

"We would, *amigos*, if that same Villa would give us a chance; but he would shoot us if he caught us within his lines," was the answer of the men who wore the broad sombrero of the south. After several minutes of futile argument from the Villaistas, a tall Federal stretched himself.

"Friends, it's time to fight again. Got any tobacco? No? Well, *adios*." And the soldiers of Huerta crawled through the dark to their own rocky breastworks.

The Mexican soldier does not understand causes or political programmes; he must fight for something more concrete than these. Several weeks ago the Constitutionalists captured a handful of General Trevino's men in Coahuila. Trevino is a Federal.

"For whom are you fighting?" a rebel captain asked the captured men.

"For General Trevino," was the answer.

"Yes; but who is Trevino's chief? Is it not Huerta?"

"No, *Capitan;* we are fighting against Huerta," they solemnly assured him.

The luster of Villa's name is bringing him scores of recruits every day, and foreigners

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who have just come to northern Mexico via New Orleans from Mexico City assure me that thousands of Federals, disgusted with the bungling of their officers, are itching to get into the command of the former Chihuahua mule-driver. The Federals are convinced that he bears a charmed life. Time and again their sharpshooters have tried for him as he loomed up suddenly on his big bay horse, directing the aim of the artillery with quick, deep commands: "*Mas derecho*" ("more to the right"), or "*Poco mas izquierda*" ("a little more to the left"), as he rode up where the bullets whined louder and dismounted to take a rifle in the trenches. One of these keen-eyed Federal riflemen when taken prisoner had the brazenness to tell Villa of his efforts to bag the big leader.

"I fired at you ten times, *mi General;* but it's no use, you bear a charm, and my old girl [his rifle] knew it and balked."

The frown that had begun to cloud Villa's unshaved face broke into a smile.

"That's right, boy. No use wasting ammunition on me. Now go back and tell that to your companions." He waved toward the hills that sheltered the enemy.

"But, *mi General*, I want to fight for you," pleaded the little sharpshooter.

"Do as I say; *andale* [hurry up]," bellowed Villa, and motioned to three soldiers, who threw the poor Federal onto a knock-kneed, razor-backed mule, which, under the urge of a bayonet thrust in the flank, sped for the distant hills at a jack-rabbit's speed, with the unhappy soldier bounding on the animal's sharp back like a live crab on a grill.

"He'll tell his friends some good stories if they don't shoot him before he reaches them," said Villa, with one of his queer, characteristic facial puckerings, as he turned to help a brother officer who was having trouble with a new saddle.

The railway is an important factor in all modern warfare; but nowhere is its possession so necessary to an army as in northern Mexico, where travel over the waterless desert is impossible for infantry and difficult and dangerous for cavalry. Consequently, practically all fighting in the high, dry central plateau of Mexico is confined to a zone twenty miles wide, with the railway as the center. Armies tear up tracks and bridges as they retreat, and construct them as they advance. The usual method is to rip up the rails with a strong iron hoop passed under both of them and attached to an engine by a heavy chain. The engine backs, the rails hold an instant, then come up with a groaning of twisted steel and a rattling shower of spikes sounding like a boiler factory, the anvil chorus, and a dozen machine guns in simultaneous operation. Frequently an engine will tear up an eighth of a mile of rails at one rush before it is obliged to stop by a broken hoop or a snapped chain. When the rails, twisted like grotesque corkscrews, have been accounted for in this fashion, the ties are piled up and burned. Dynamite does for the bridges.

The twenty miles of track from Fraustro to Paredon had been demolished in this manner by the Federals in retreat, and our daily progress was necessarily limited to the two or three miles advance made by Villa's repair crews.

The first evening out of Hipolito our train, the last of seven, was at Sauceda, where the station, having been used as a blockhouse, like the others on the line, was blistered and crumbled by shell-fire until it looked like an ancient Indian ruin. Here was the rear-guard of Raoul Madero's Brigada Zaragoza, and three officers of this command boarded our car for the night. The eldest and most dignified was Capitan José Monclova, a fine specimen of the old-school Mexican gentleman, limping from a reopened wound in the knee, and proudly carrying a gold-hilted sword and a ".30-.30" Savage hunting rifle. His companions were foreign soldiers of fortune—a tall, hawk-nosed Italian with a tiny automatic strapped to his waist, and a blue-eyed, brown-bearded Dutchman, whose arms were a battered Mauser, a Colt six-shooter, and a silver-mounted Belgian dagger. The lean, dark Italian was Lieutenant Giuseppe Porto, of Venice, a member of the crack Alpine Sharpshooters, who had been thrice bullet struck in the Balkans. The other was J. W. H. G. Hopman Van den Berg, a captain in the Dutch infantry, a lieutenant in the British cavalry, and now, like the Venetian, holding a lieutenancy with the revolution. Like most European soldiers of fortune in Mexico, they were there merely for adventure's sake and to keep their arms from rusting, and belonged to a higher type of manhood than the Americans who fight for pelf.

When the Chinese cook's "chow" had been repulsed with great loss by the hungry adventurers, we sat around the bare table while the train crawled out of the shadow of the ruined station into a moonlit canyon and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heard strange tales of night attacks on the African veldt, fierce skirmishes in the Balkans, and bloodletting in minor wars which are not recorded in histories.

Five or six miles from Fraustro our train stopped for the night in a deep and narrow canyon, the worst possible place that could have been selected, for our flanks were unprotected, and two thousand of the enemy sweeping overland from Saltillo, only forty miles away, could have destroyed the seven trains with ease, torn up the track, and cut Villa off from his base of supplies. Moreover, there was the danger that some of the 3,000 men who had been driven from Paredon were lurking in the neighborhood. We had just two sources of reassurance—namely, the fact that Villa had never been surprised, and that he had thus far been the only Mexican general to indulge in night fighting. Nevertheless, we gringoes were decidedly uneasy, and went so far as to take a census of our fighting strength and to make plans for a defense. Including the Mexican captain and the two adventurers, we had ten fighting men in the car, with four rifles and ten automatic pistols. The two Chinamen didn't count. Upon learning that we had enough mattresses and blankets to make passable breastworks, we turned in for an uneasy night. About midnight the Mexicans must have decided that they were putting too much faith in Villa's foresight and the apathy of the enemy, for the trains were moved out to where the valley was much wider, the nearest hill being six hundred yards to the east.

I was awake before sunrise and got up to enjoy the beauties of that event on a morning when the air was so clear that it hurt the eyes, although it was freshened by a gentle, moist draught from the Gulf. Dawn and twilight are short in the tropics, and day and night come suddenly. Like an incandescent cannon-ball the sun rolled up on the rocky knoll in the east, and from behind it, all at once, came the wicked "sput, sput," of Mausers. "Whing, wheep, whing, wheep," something whispered overhead, and I realized that the huge white bull's-eye sign of the "Mutual Movies" painted on our car was the target of the hidden marksmen. I heard behind me curses in four tongues—English, Spanish, Dutch, and Italian—as my sleepy companions rolled out of their bunks and snatched with clumsy fingers at the pile of weapons on the center-table. Then, before more than a score of shots had been fired, all mercifully going high, the fusillade ceased as suddenly as it had begun. Some boys who had gone out to shoot jack-rabbits came in out of breath and reported having seen fourteen Colorados slinking off behind the easterly ridge. This same band fired at Villa's trains the following evening and tore up a small piece of track before they were captured and executed, within a few hundred yards of our car, by men of General Robles.

It may seem absurd that Villa had not put out flanking forces to protect his trains; but the flank movement, like other simple military tactics, is almost unknown in Mexico. Therein is the most salient reason why in battles between large and cumbersome armies the Mexicans would be easy prey for the American regulars. Warfare in Mexico, aside from the guerrilla variety, consists in finding out where the enemy is and then marching straight up to him. Villa was the man to defy the tradition that only the daytime is suitable for fighting, and he has also ruthlessly upset precedents in "following up" his victories instead of sitting down and celebrating until the enemy is ready to come back and take him unawares; but even Villa has only the crudest knowledge of accepted military strategy.

"Sniping" Colorados were not the gravest peril of the trip to Fraustro, as we soon found out. The trains that had gone ahead of us had carried live cattle for food; but through sheer carelessness the animals had not been watered, and, dying by hundreds, had been thrown out along the track, where in the annihilating sun they soon became more than an annoyance. Between Sauceda and Fraustro were fully five hundred splendid steers wantonly sacrificed. It seemed that we would never get through this noisome gauntlet, for the train went alternately backward and forward for three days and nights, in one day of ceaseless activity making a gain of three feet by actual measurement; and when we at last emerged into the pure air of the desert we were *sans* patience, *sans* appetite, and *sans* tobacco and all other deoderants. The continual "backing and filling" of the trains was necessitated by the fact that the switch at Fraustro was the only one in twenty miles of track, and troop-trains were frequently obliged to move aside and leave a clear track for cars going to the rear with wounded or to the front with coal, water, and provisions.

One day, when our car was near the head

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the line of trains and only ten miles from Paredon, word came that Saltillo had been evacuated, and that, instead of waiting for the reconstruction of 250 miles of railway on the direct line between Saltillo and San Luis Potosí, Villa would advance on the latter city over the Mexican Central, making use of the 200 miles of track already spiked down from Torreon. This news was brought to us by Enrique Gonzales, nine years old,[1] the youngest soldier in Villa's army, who fights by the side of his father, a sergeant of cavalry. After we had lunched with Enrique, who, with great politeness, tried to solve the mysteries of the knife and fork till we insisted that he assail his food in the usual manner, with nature's weapons—hands and teeth—Herman Whitaker, of the "Independent," and I mounted our horses and started for Paredon.

Soon we had left behind the construction gangs building track ahead of the trains as a spider throws out web before her, and for five miles were alone with the twisted rails, drifting dust, and gorgeous painted cloud-banks rimming a sky of intense blue. Then out of the alkali fog cantered two horsemen, one riding as easily as if his missing right arm and left leg had been entirely superfluous; the other, a big, bronzed man who had the face of a handsome, gentle pirate. They were Major Tomas Orozco, who fights with the savage abandon of a man who feels that with half his body gone it is a slight thing to lose the other half, and Raoul Madero, the most romantic figure in the revolution, under whose debonair exterior always smolders the fires of revenge kindled by the assassination of two brothers. They were the advance of the forces that were evacuating Paredon. Soon came the main body, with the cavalry in the lead, all the horses colored alike by the powdered earth and traveling at the slow trot which the desert horse knows is fastest in the long run. Behind them were fifty pieces of artillery, half of them Japanese and German field-pieces captured from the Federals and still manned by their former owners, who had changed allegiance with small compunction. Following the artillery were the women and children, four hundred of the former being part of the spoils of war at Paredon. Those who were young and pretty rode behind mounted men or in buggies and other nondescript confiscated vehicles, while the mothers and hags trudged behind, carrying babies, chickens, umbrellas, pots, pans, and such other cherished household goods as they had been able to save. One slender mother held an infant in her arms while three little children toddled along beside her, the eldest boy gingerly holding a large white rooster under one arm and with the hand of the other restraining a yellow puppy which tugged at its cowhide leash. Dogs of all descriptions, cats, goats, and pigs followed in the ruck.

Paredon we found a town of three or four adobe houses and a stone station, situated in a shallow basin beneath the mountains. On the bushes near the station were the red and blue uniforms of Colorados, hastily discarded when capture seemed imminent, for Villa's antipathy for these enlisted bandits is well known. A few feet farther on lay a Federal regular who would fight no more, stripped of shoes and cartridge belt, his body horribly bloated, his puffy, expressionless eyes rolled upward for the vultures which did not come—they have been overworked by the revolution, these members of the Mexican "Board of Health."

Only a handful of soldiers was left in the town, not enough to repel an attack from straggling bands of Colorados, who were waiting in the hills with the patience of carrion crows. The talk of Colorados did not please Whitaker and me, for what those renegades do to Americans when they catch them is unprintable. We began to look longingly toward the gray cloud where the disappearing *tropa* marched, and, after watering our horses, fell into a gallop which was unbroken till we drew abreast of the retreating artillery.

The next morning the train started back for Torreon, at Hipolito picking up the cavalry that brought through the mountains bottles of cologne, parasols, and automobiles taken at Saltillo while Villa's back was turned.

While I was disappointed in my hope of seeing a Mexican battle (from a safe distance), an ample compensation for the trials of the trip was the privilege of seeing Villa in his natural environment, with his parlor manners laid aside. This intimacy with him strengthened the conviction expressed in my last article that he is the strongest man in Mexico to-day, and the only one on the horizon who gives promise of sufficient strength to weld his country together as Diaz welded it. Villa has plenty of faults, but they are the faults of the man of action. To those whom he calls

[1] See his picture on another page.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

friends he shows traits of justice, gentleness, and quizzical humor, wholly lovable and belonging to the part in his repertoire called "Pancho Villa, the Man," rather than to his more celebrated rôle, "Francisco Villa, Conqueror and Man of Destiny."

One torrid afternoon two or three of us were seated in Villa's private car, which had stopped at a small lake to afford men and women a chance to bathe. Villa came in, dust covered and hot from his ride to Paredon and back, and began stripping for a swim. His disrobing was interrupted by a lieutenant who pushed ahead of him two soldiers that had been caught wasting ammunition on pigeons, an offense punishable by execution. The culprits, well set-up, but stupid, owl-faced fellows, were visibly trembling in their boots.

The lieutenant finished his charge, Villa looked sternly at the offenders, his lips half opened to pronounce sentence; then his eyes wandered to the milky waters of the *laguna*, iridescent in the oblique rays of the sun.

His mouth lost its cruelty and screwed into the slanting, good-natured smile of his care-free, outlaw days; his small, bulging eyes twinkled.

"Oh, *pobrecitos* (poor little fellows), *pobrecitos!* Take them out and give them a couple of sword slaps."

He looked at us; the fire in his eyes went out, he became confidential and reminiscent.

"They call me many unflattering names—thief, assassin, and bandit, especially bandit—but yesterday, when I was a poor 'sandalfoot' in Chihuahua, no one bothered to call me anything; and to-morrow, when I'm in Mexico City, they will say: 'Villa, the hero; Villa, the liberator.' *Pah!* their tongues are as soft as their brains. I guess I'm not quite so bad as I'm painted. Anyway, El Largo," said he, turning to me and giving me the nickname that stuck thereafter—"anyway, *you* needn't fear me. Your legs are so long I could never catch you." And, roaring at his own joke, he wound a bath towel around his middle and slouched out of the car to the lake.

There is no question who is the real power in the Constitutionalist camp to-day. At Chihuahua, a month ago, when the test of mastery came between Villa and Carranza over the question of the attitude of the Constitutionalists toward the United States, Villa took Carranza aside in a little ante-room off the old man's office in his appropriated mansion.

"See here," said Villa, bluntly, waving his big hands like an angry bear; "I and my men put you where you are, up in the clouds. Don't forget we can pull you back to earth again."

The long-predicted open breach between the triumphant soldier and the well-meaning but short-sighted old patriot still seems inevitable if events are allowed to take their natural course in Mexico without outside interference. Carranza is aligning the generals with himself; but generals are cheap in Mexico. It is the men that count, and Villa has them.

I still believe that the only alternative to military occupation of Mexico by the United States is a strong one-man government—a Diazship, but built of more advanced political and economic timber than Diaz used in his machine—with Villa in the presidency or as the real power behind the throne, and with the moral support of the United States behind him. A popular and successful revolution is always a legitimate government; the revolt of the Constitutionalists is undoubtedly popular, and is now on the brink of complete success. When the revolutionists get to Mexico City, the easiest thing for Uncle Sam to do will be to step aside and say:

"Go ahead now, elect your President and establish your Government. But remember that there must be no more revolutions hereafter, and the man you elect must be allowed to hold office for the term prescribed by your Constitution. Otherwise, I'll have to put your house in order for you."

If intervention is taken to mean such moral interference in Mexico, perhaps extending even to some control of the finances of the country, then intervention is desirable, and, in fact, necessary. But, in my opinion, intervention in its popular sense—military occupation of Mexico by the United States—is to be avoided as long as there is a way out, and I think the Constitutionalists offer an avenue of escape.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THAT "BAD EDUCATION" AGAIN

THE CASE OF THE CLASSICS: PRO AND CON

*When Dr. Walter Phelps Hall, in his article entitled "Why I Have a Bad Education" (published in The Outlook for April 18), raised anew the question—which has troubled not only students, but also their parents and teachers—whether the study of the classics was not a waste of time, we asked our readers for their opinions and experiences. A great many letters have come in reply. In the last two issues we published passages from a number of these letters, first on one side of the question, and then on the other. Here we place together two contrasting opinions based on contrasting experiences. It is not without significance that the defense of the classics comes from an engineer, while the criticism of the classics as a required study comes from an educator. As the reader may infer from the autobiographical references in these statements, the writer of each has attained distinction in his own profession. Dr. Corthell has been the chief engineer in the construction of the West Shore Railway and of a number of great bridges, and also chief engineer of the Port of Para, Brazil, and Rio Grande do Sul, consulting engineer in several large projects, and member of official engineering congresses. Dr. Nightingale has been professor of Greek and Latin in two colleges, president of a woman's college, superintendent of schools in Omaha, Nebraska, and in Cook County, Illinois, and president of educational associations. Other letters which have come to us we hold in reserve for future publication.—*THE EDITORS.

THE CLASSICS AS AN ENGINEER SEES THEM

MY opinions are founded on my own experience and on a wide international acquaintance with members of my profession of civil engineering, and from special personal investigations and correspondence in many countries, and from membership in thirty-six engineering and scientific societies, including seventeen in foreign countries.

I was born at South Abington (now Whitman), Massachusetts, September 30, 1840. My father, in his early life, had had no sufficient opportunity to obtain an education. He determined that his children should not be deprived of the opportunity. I think he was obsessed with this purpose, for he sent me—his first-born—to school at the age of *three* years. At the age of twelve I was the librarian of the village library, and had at that age read all of the two hundred volumes in that library. The contents of these books remain in my memory to this day, particularly historical and biographical works, such as Rollins's "Ancient History," Grote's "History of Greece," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Hume's "History of England," Fenimore Cooper's and Washington Irving's works. In fact, the library ranged from the "Confessions of an Opium-Eater," by De Quincey, to Dwight's "Theology," and later J. S. C. Abbott's works.

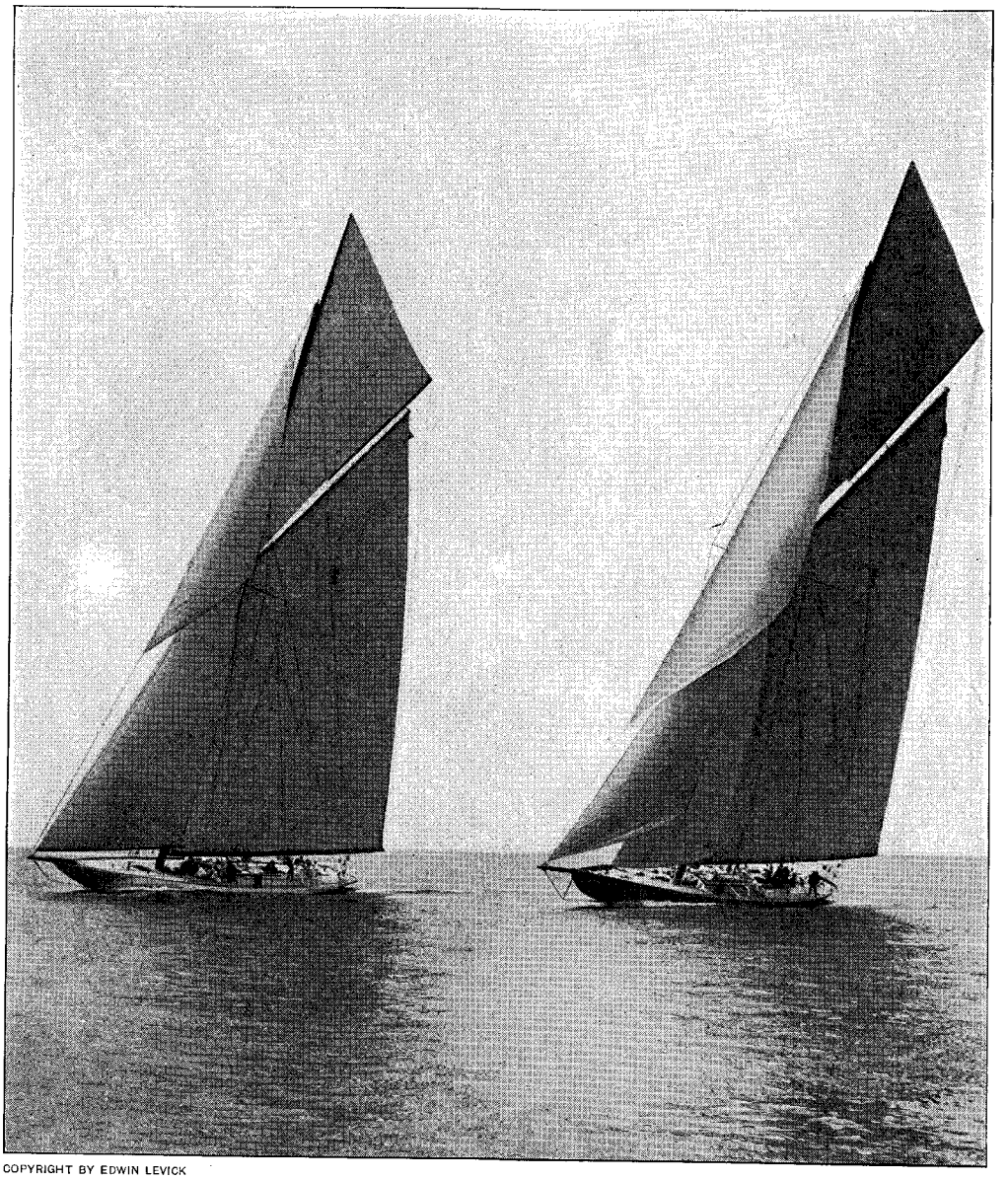
At about the age of sixteen the village school—there were no graded schools at that time, nor high schools—had the great advantage of having a young man as principal who had just been graduated from Bowdoin College, Mr. William E. Jewell. He came from near Exeter, New Hampshire, and obtained his early education and fitted for college at Phillips Exeter Academy. He formed an ambitious class of boys and girls for studying Latin, Greek, and mathematics, about eight or ten of us. It was not long before the walls of my bedroom were plastered with Latin and Greek mottoes, such as "*Improbus labor omnia vincit*," "*Gnothi seauton*" (know thyself), etc. We almost lived in an atmosphere of Latin and Greek, and we became permeated and saturated with them.

The time came, early in 1858, when I was prepared for entrance to Phillips Exeter Academy as a senior. A few weeks before I started for Exeter there was a church meeting called at the Baptist Church, of which my grandfather, my mother, and myself were members. Sometime previous to the meeting my grandfather had said that he would

(Continued on page following illustrations)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Current Events Pictorially Treated

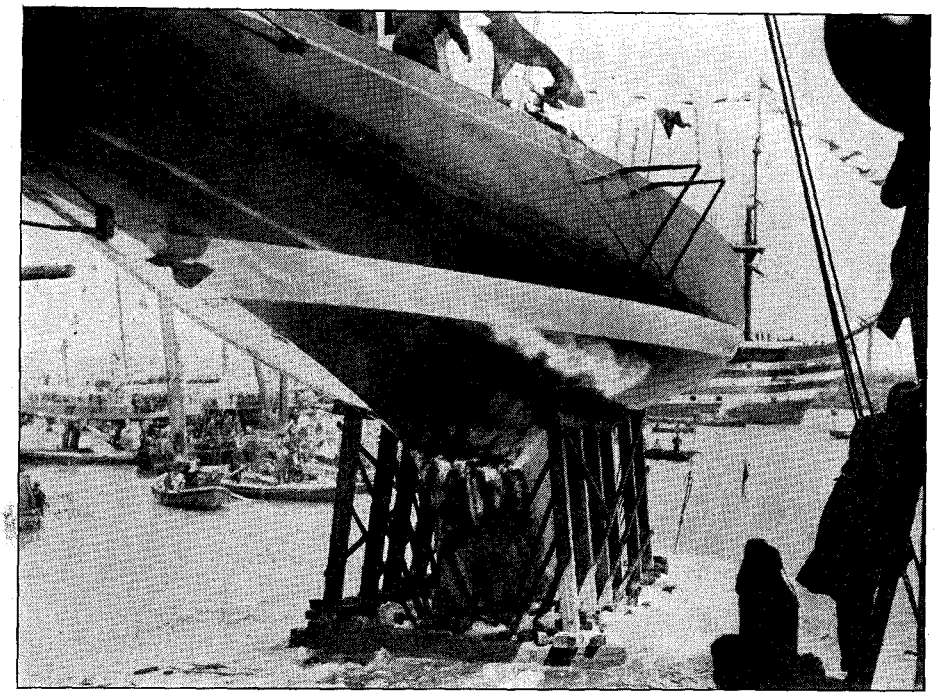


COPYRIGHT BY EDWIN LEVICK

TWO ASPIRANTS FOR THE HONOR OF GUARDING THE AMERICA'S CUP

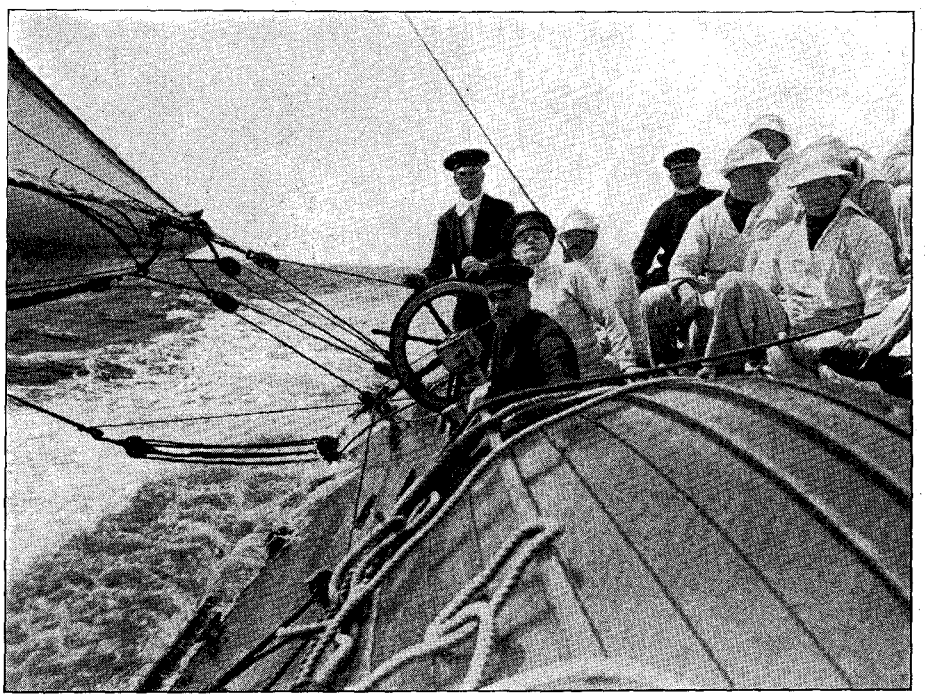
In the first trials on Long Island Sound between the Resolute (with the white hull) and the Vanitie (with the black hull) the margin of difference was very small. The third aspirant for the honor of being the cup defender against the challenger, Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock IV, is the Defiance, which at the time of these races was not quite ready. Whatever one's opinion may be as to the desirability of building sloops of this sort, which are primarily racing machines, there can be no doubt that they furnish a splendid form of sport

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FROM INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

THE LAUNCHING OF SHAMROCK IV AT GOSPORT



FROM INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

W. P. BURTON AT THE WHEEL OF SHAMROCK IV ON A TRIAL SPIN

THE BRITISH CHALLENGER FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP

This will be the fourth attempt of Sir Thomas Lipton to win the America's cup

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

A GROUP AT THE WELLESLEY COLLEGE CELEBRATION

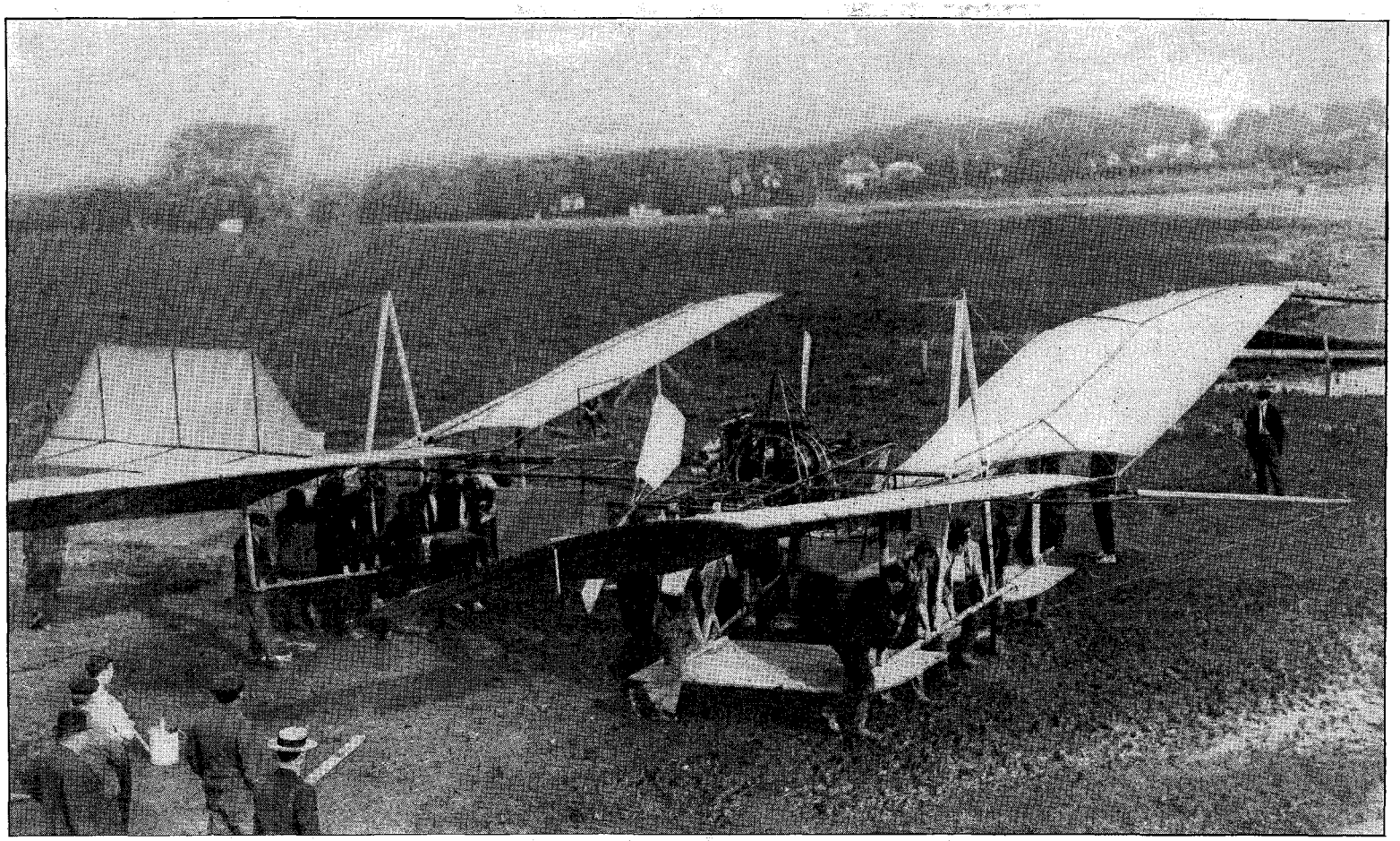
PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROTHERS

IVY DAY AT BARNARD COLLEGE, NEW YORK

THE CLOSE OF THE COLLEGE YEAR

At colleges for women in America the celebration of the closing of the college year is, in an increasing number of cases, marked by fêtes, outdoor drama, and pageantry. Recently The Outlook pictured scenes from the outdoor plays at the May Day Festival at Bryn Mawr. The pictures shown above indicate the form which these outdoor celebrations take at two other colleges—Wellesley and Barnard

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PHOTOGRAPH BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

LANGLEY'S AIR-SHIP FLIES AGAIN

As The Outlook recounted last week, the tandem aeroplane which Samuel Pierpont Langley invented and constructed, but never really succeeded in putting into actual flight, has at last been made to fly by Glenn H. Curtiss, at Hammondsport, New York. The attempt to make it fly in 1903 was a failure, partly because of the inadequacy of its motor and partly because of the failure of its launching device. With a perfected motor and with pontoons to enable it to rise from the water, it is believed to be capable of sustained flight. Though intelligent and informed people have always recognized the great contribution which Professor Langley has made to the art and science of flying in heavier-than-air machines, the successful experiment by Mr. Curtiss is memorable because it affords

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAMUEL PIERPONT LANGLEY
MDCCCXXXIV — MCMVI
SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
MDCCCLXXXVII — MCMVI
DISCOVERED THE RELATIONS OF SPEED AND ANGLE OF INCLINATION TO THE LIFTING POWER
OF SURFACES MOVING IN AIR
"I HAVE BROUGHT TO A CLOSE THE PORTION OF THE WORK WHICH SEEMED TO BE SPECIALLY MINE, THE DEMONSTRATION OF THE PRACTICABILITY OF MECHANICAL FLIGHT.
THE GREAT UNIVERSAL HIGHWAY OVERHEAD IS NOW SOON TO BE OPENED."
LANGLEY MCMI

COPYRIGHT BY HARRIS & EWING

SAMUEL PIERPONT LANGLEY

The inventor of the aeroplane pictured on the opposite page has been commemorated by a tablet recently dedicated at the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington. Professor Langley is represented as watching the flight of birds. The inscription on the tablet reads as follows:

SAMUEL PIERPONT LANGLEY

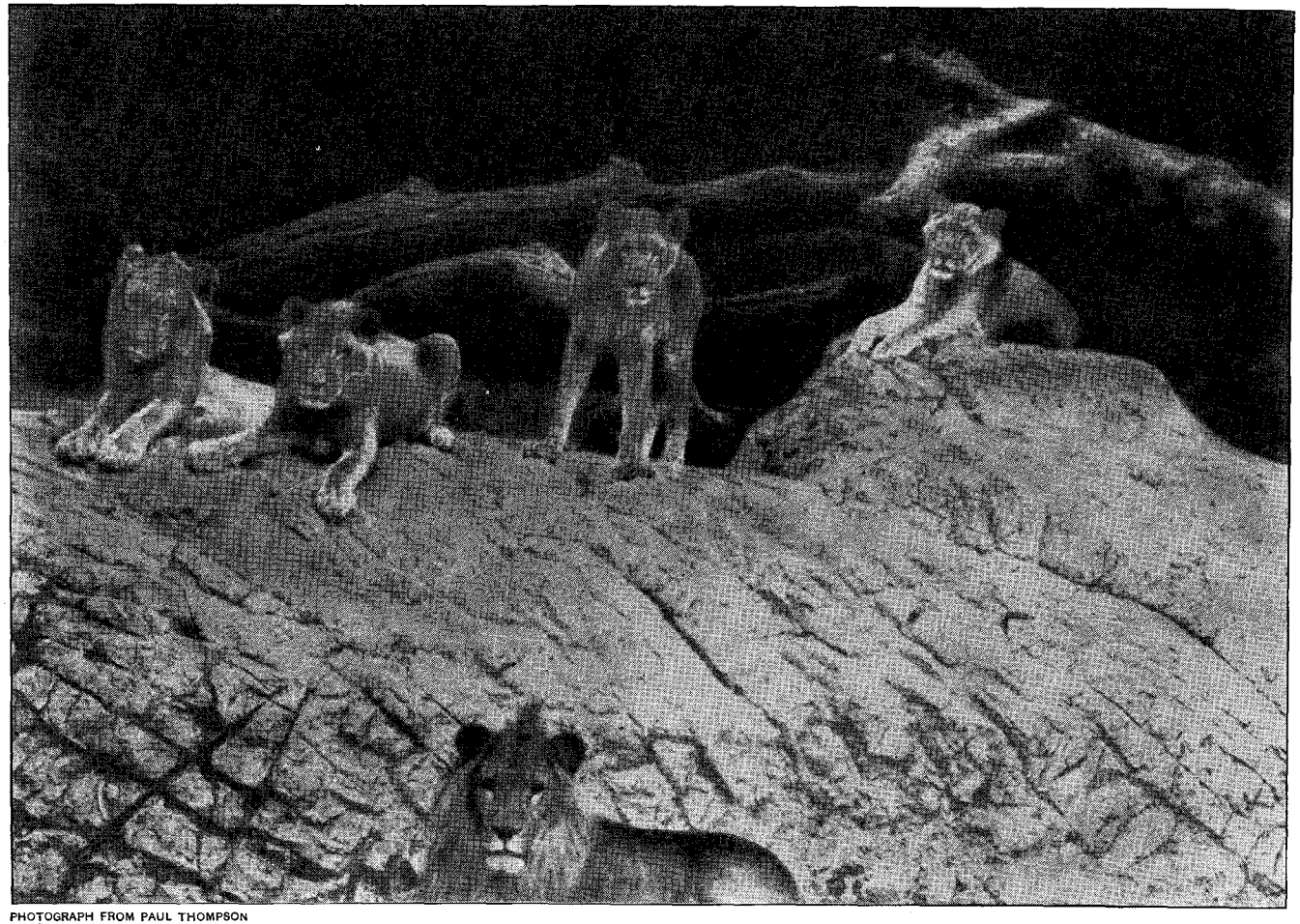
MDCCCXXXIV—MCMVI
SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
MDCCCLXXXVII—MCMVI

Discovered the relations of speed and angle of inclination to the lifting power of surfaces moving in air

"I have brought to a close the portion of the work which seemed to be specially mine, the demonstration of the practicability of mechanical flight. The great universal highway overhead is now soon to be opened."

LANGLEY MCMI

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PHOTOGRAPH FROM PAUL THOMPSON

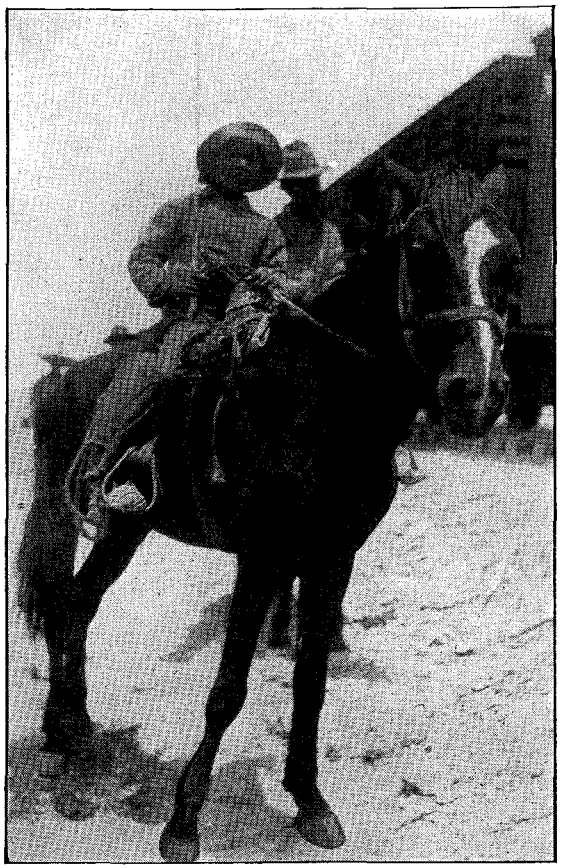
THE LIONS IN THE HAGENBECK ZOO AT HAMBURG, GERMANY

These wild animals are not placed in a heavy iron cage, but are in the open, so that the public will have a good view of them. The only protection which the public has is a wide ditch

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OUTLOOK'S HEADQUARTERS IN MEXICO

This box car served as the office of a number of American correspondents. Mr. Gregory Mason, The Outlook's staff correspondent in Mexico, is here represented as standing at the office door ready to welcome any Outlook reader who happens to pass his way



PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY MASON

ENRIQUE GONZALES, AGED NINE, THE YOUNGEST "MAN" IN THE CONSTITUTIONALIST ARMY

He fights by the side of his father, a sergeant of cavalry. The sword is his father's; his only weapon is a rifle

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM THE EVENING SUN

HUERTA: "STOP HIM, AND I'LL GET OUT"

—Cartoon by Robert Carter

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

provide $1,000 toward my college education. This was a large sum in those days, and I was very contented in the thought that my college education was assured. At the meeting above referred to the question came up as to calling back to the pastorate a young man who had been our pastor, had overworked himself, and one night run into the woods a maniac. He had been found and placed in the insane asylum at Taunton. He had been released, but was still weak and not entirely himself. The church voted upon the question of calling him back or calling another pastor who had been preaching as a candidate. I voted as my conscience told me to do, against recalling the pastor who had been insane. He was a great favorite of my grandfather—in fact, he had lived at his house, and it was from there he had run away insane.

The morning after the meeting my grandfather told my mother that "Elmer Corthell shall not have a cent of my money"—and he never did.

My father had not the means to send me to college. He was a shoemaker—as was almost everybody in that town; he had a small "gang" working in the little shop attached to our house, making boots and shoes for the various manufacturers, who in those days sent the work out to these small shops to be worked up.

My mother was a nervous invalid, and had been for several years—so nervous, in fact, that we could not keep a hired girl more than a few days, and consequently my younger brother and myself had to do the housework. I said to my parents: "Father, lend me $15 to start me, and I will give you my note, payable when I am able. Lend me a 'kit' of tools and give me a little leather and some pegs and nails, and you, mother, give me a couple of flat-irons, and I will get through."

It was not very many weeks before there appeared the following notice on the door of my room at Exeter for the information of all concerned: "Boots and shoes mended and washing done here." And when there was coal to handle, either at the Academy or elsewhere in the town, there was one boy always ready to do it. And all this did not interfere with his studies, for before the first term closed he had a scholarship. The proceeds from these various ventures, or labors, carried me through, and I graduated with honors.

I entered Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island, in 1859, in the class of 1863. My mother gave me a box of provisions, and my trunk was partly filled with them: a can of molasses, some mince pies, a boiled ham, etc. As at Exeter, I earned all the money I could in any honorable way. I have many a time carted manure in a wheelbarrow through the streets of Providence. I found some private pupils, and in one way or another got through the first year "none the worse for wear," and stood within one of the head of my class in the regular classical B.A. course. In the vacation between the freshman and sophomore years I went to Exeter to earn some money, and there Professor Cilley, of the Academy, turned over to me two boys, sons of Governor Anderson, of Ohio, who had been "conditioned" at Harvard. I coached them in Latin, Greek, and mathematics, and when the "professional fee" of *eighty good dollars* was placed in my hands it amounted to more than later two thousand gold pesos did when handed me in a money-bag at Buenos Aires for one month's services as the Consulting Engineer of the Argentine Government. In fact, it helped plane the rough surfaces of the following year.

However, before the end of the sophomore year, in May, 1861, when walking down College Street to Market Square, I saw a wide piece of sheeting fastened around the upper story of the old Market House, and in great black letters the words "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" If it had been in English, the result might have been different, but the Latin appealed to me as no other language could do, unless it had been Greek.

Suffice it to say, I followed one of my college mates and enlisted as a private for three years or the war in Battery A, First Regiment, Rhode Island Light Artillery, and such I was in the first battle of Bull Run, after which I was promoted to corporal, then to sergeant in another battery of the same regiment. I applied myself diligently to the "tactics." It was then I found that my many years of drill in Latin, Greek, and other classical studies enabled me to grasp quickly the difficulties and intricacies of light artillery tactics. I have often said that I was absolutely confident that I could have drilled as commanding officer, and without a mistake, a brigade of six gun batteries.

Then followed promotions and commissions—second lieutenant, first lieutenant, and, during the last year in the Shenandoah Valley, captain of Battery D of our regiment.

The war over, in which I served four

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years and two months, I returned to Brown University to finish my education, graduating third in the class of 1867. My standing in the earlier years of my course made me the possessor of the Phi Beta Kappa key. My work later gave me the Sigma Xi key, and in 1894 the degree of *Scientiæ Doctoris pro meritis* was conferred upon me by my Alma Mater.

But to return to 1867. The four years of war had seemed to me a great black gulf which nothing but persevering and hard labor would ever bridge over. Consequently I had no time for anything but study, so that before my senior year was finished I was told that to save a permanent breakdown I should go at once into some out-of-door work. I selected civil engineering, a profession entirely different from my earlier intentions. I was prepared for it only as any liberally educated boy is prepared for anything. Almost immediately I was called to Hannibal, Missouri, as assistant on the construction of the railway line which now is in the system of the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railway. The work I was on was from the Illinois River across the Mississippi River at Hannibal, and west to Moberly, Missouri. I assure you that the responsible work I was put to required knowledge of railway and bridge engineering—knowledge, practice, and experience which I did not possess; but many a time when asked to work out some engineering or constructive problem I have said, "Give me one night, and I'll do it."

I say here advisedly, and as a result of that experience, that I was enabled to attack and solve the problems solely by the discipline of a classical education at Abington, Exeter, and Brown University. There is no *opinion* about this matter; it is a *fact* that has appeared plainly many times in my life, then and since then. The education outlined above has enabled me to *do* things that I never could have done without it. It has given me *power* in my professional work during the last forty-seven years. More than that, it has carried me far afield of engineering and given me world-wide interests along many lines of human activity.

What I have said about the real value of a classical education in my own case I can say from personal knowledge about engineers all over the world where my business and my interests have taken me.

In 1889, through a strong letter to the founders of the University of Chicago, in which letter I urged the establishment of a high-grade school of engineering and architecture, I was elected a member of the first Board of Trustees, and I undertook during two extended visits to Europe—in 1891 and 1897—to study the best methods of engineering education in the world in order to recommend a basis for the school I had proposed. That personal investigation proved clearly to me that it was the liberally educated man that was "on top," and I recommended a basis on that principle.

The summation of the entire investigation may be understood by the quoting of the following words preceding my recommendations: "The following important truth was not patent to us for a long time [contrasting the methods abroad and our own], as expressed by a prominent educator, who said that the faults of education existing with us 'might have been avoided had the people sooner realized that the quality of education in the whole State is determined by the quality of that at the top, and that the *State is responsible for its excellence.*'"

My views are so pronounced, not only from the investigations in question, but from actual intimate professional association with engineers on both hemispheres, that my invariable advice often given to young men proposing to educate themselves as civil engineers (by "civil" I mean all constructive engineers, not military) is, "Make a *man* of yourself first, and afterwards an *engineer.*"

ELMER LAWRENCE CORTHELL, Dr.Sc.,
Civil Engineer.
North Egremont, Massachusetts.

THE CLASSICS AS AN EDUCATOR SEES THEM

Probably the best and most exhaustive paper I ever contributed to any educational discussion was on "The Value of Classical Studies," which was printed by the association before which it was read, and the part pertaining especially to the study of Greek was delivered before the once famous "Sunset Club," of Chicago. I have had forty-four years of educational work, sixteen of which was as principal of one of the Chicago high schools, where, in addition to administrative duties, I taught Latin and Greek to young people whom I hoped I was preparing for college, and the eleven succeeding years I was Assistant Superintendent of the Schools

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Chicago, in charge of all the high schools as their supervisor.

It was during the first period that I had no other conviction concerning the worth of education than that the study of the ancient languages was not only supremely useful, but incomparably superior to any and all other studies, whatever were the ambitions and purposes of the pupils of our secondary schools.

Indeed, I was so saturated with the thought that nothing could take the place of Latin, and that early youth was the time to encourage its appreciation, that I was instrumental in inducing the Board of Education to engraft the study into the two higher grades of the elementary schools, and I read an exhaustive paper on the success of the experiment before a National classical conference held under the auspices of the University of Michigan. I write this to prove how uncompromising was my attitude, how utterly impossible was it for me to countenance the thought that without Latin and Greek there could be any "liberal education."

My argument (I call it assertion now) was, Because they are languages. Language, I maintained, is the key that unlocks all human thought and gives voice to all human aspirations. Words may not be thought, but they are the chief media by which thought finds expression. They are ammunition in the batteries of intelligence, steam in the engines of thought, true coin in the exchange marts of scholastic culture. A man without words is like a beautiful ship launched upon the welcome bosom of the sea without a pilot. Whence comes the language of pathos and persuasion, of poetry and philosophy, of æsthetics and science, which our own language has borrowed so bountifully from the unpatented forms of other tongues? It comes from those dead languages whose disembodied spirits still walk abroad, inspiring the pen of every writer and the tongue of every speaker. An extended study of the grammar and lore of Latin and Greek gives to men the mastery of our own beautiful language and a keener taste for our own expanding literature. The study and mastery of the classics is the seed-sowing of which the after success in life is the bountiful harvest. The very difficulty of their acquisition is of great value.

The modern languages are too facile of attainment for discipline. The arm of the blacksmith becomes strong by ponderous strokes. The gnarled oak grows mighty by inuring itself to the storms and blasts of winter. We must grapple with something that takes all our strength and imparts more for a grander effort. We do not study anatomy from living models. It is the pulseless body only, cold in death, but perfect in form, that yields to the knife of the anatomist and furnishes the basis of structural psychology.

Latin and Greek have yielded to the philological scapula for two thousand years, and their anatomy, in its minutest detail, has been formulated into models which, from their perfectness and unchangeableness, are of exceeding value. Latin and Greek hold the same relation to modern thought and modern progress that the carboniferous age holds to modern light and heat. We light and heat our firesides now by the consumed and adapted sunlight of palæozoic times. So the light of modern literature and law comes from the intellectual sunlight that warmed the soul and inspired the tongue of the "blind old bard of Scio's rocky isle" and his successors in Greece and Rome. Homer and Æschylus, Aristotle and Plato, Thucydides and Demosthenes, were the founders of civilization. They hewed out the roads by which nations and individuals have traveled and travel still.

Such was the type of thought and opinion that permeated my whole being, while I spent my energies and satisfied my ambition in a constant effort to inculcate in the minds of my pupils the belief that there was no substitute for classical culture.

But when, after these sixteen years of classic teaching, I left the narrow confines and treadmill labor of a single school and visited the ten thousand pupils of the Chicago high schools and witnessed among them all racial conditions, all varying environments, and ever-diverse aptitudes, and saw them, here, there, and everywhere putting forth efforts that recoiled upon them in their innocent slavery, because of a Procrustean system (the classics predominating) which took no account of prenatal endowments, heredity, tastes, talents, or interests, a change came over me as suddenly as when (I say it with reverence) the scales fell from the eyes of Saul on his way to Damascus. I read, I reasoned, I reflected. The Almighty makes a separate die for every creature that comes from his hands. In the laboratory of nature no two things are alike, and the mechanism of mind varies with each individual. Pudd'nhead

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wilson proved that no two thumb-marks are alike, and thereby Mark Twain struck the keynote of modern educational philosophy. The taste and talent of the individual must not be sacrificed in the attempt to shape all into one mold.

I suffered no longer from classical myopia in my intellectual vision. I began to have too great a respect for the age in which we live, too painful an appreciation of its demand, too sanguine a faith in its opportunities, too deep an interest in the life, honor, and practical success of our young people, too keen a knowledge of the striking differences of inherited tendencies and tastes and talents and capacities, to argue longer that the classics were a *sine qua non* of an education, fundamental to good citizenship or successful living.

The importance, or even the usefulness, of the classics became a negligible quantity. That they have dominated secondary school instruction, to the discouragement and despair of thousands of young men who have found that one man's meat is another man's poison, is because the colleges have insisted upon making them leading requirements for admission, and this insistence comes from the fact that the learned classicists dominate the colleges.

Their stock argument is that the study of Latin and Greek furnishes an intellectual power which no other studies impart. Is there any method of ratiocination by which this assertion can be proved?

It seems to me that the history of mankind, especially in modern times, the successes and failures in business, the revelations and revolutions of science, the evolution of thought in every department of human endeavor, contradict the assertion and demonstrate that education should be along the line of one's aptitudes, one's prenatal endowments. Brain cells are fashioned in the laboratory of the Divine Architect, and it is only when we know what they signify in each individual that we can direct aright the education of that individual.

Experience teaches that biology or physics or chemistry or geology or civics or economics, through its study and application, insures a mental fiber that the study of Latin and Greek cannot impart, and that such mentality has been not only practical and useful, but absolutely essential, not only in the development of commerce, manufactures, and agriculture, but in increasing longevity and adding immeasurably to the comforts and conveniences of human society.

A very striking illustration of the determination of those "higher up" to fasten the study of the classics, not only on our secondary schools, but on the colleges, is presented in the following history. The North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, including eleven States, was formed for the express purpose of harmonizing the demands of the colleges with what our public high schools were organized to accomplish. The result has been constant discord. Charles Kendall Adams, then President of the University of Wisconsin and of the Association, introduced the following resolution as the sense of the Association:

Resolved: That in every secondary school and in college as far as to the end of the sophomore year the study of language and the study of mathematics should be predominantly and continuously pursued; that the study of English, including grammar, rhetoric, and composition, should continue throughout every course; that *two languages* besides English should be studied, and that no other studies should be allowed to interfere with the pre-eminence of the studies here designated.

So out of keeping was this resolution with my daily educational observation and experience, so reeking with the odor of grave-clothes did it seem to me, that I presented the following:

SUBSTITUTE

Resolved: That in both secondary schools and colleges such courses of study should be provided as will offer to every student the best advantages, within reasonable limits, for the highest development of those talents with which he has been endowed, and that to this end studies should be arranged under the following heads, viz.: (1) language and literature; (2) mathematics; (3) natural and physical science; (4) history; (5) civics and economics; *further*, that while students should in general be encouraged to maintain a reasonable balance between these, the course should be so plastic as to permit alternative options, with a view to their adaptation to the individual capacities and purposes of students.

Both the resolution and the substitute went over one year for consideration. So intensely interested did I become, so convinced that the domination of the classics was preventing our young people from preparing to enter successfully into our complex civilization, that I spent the interval in close study, and entered into much correspondence. From

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a host of extended letters which I received I quote briefly from three, representing the Atlantic and Pacific Coast and the Middle States. Charles W. Eliot, then President of Harvard, wrote: "The original resolution strikes me as distinctly archaic. Your substitution is, in my opinion, a great improvement. It has the great advantage of recognizing the indispensableness of election of studies and individual instruction."

Jacob G. Schurman, President of Cornell, said: "I think the resolution will not hold water upon any consideration either theoretical or practical. . . . When Providence gives us Darwins, is it wise to set all our school machinery upon trying to convert them into Newtons and Müllers? Or, in homely comparison, would we not find ourselves trying to form locomotives out of silk and millinery out of granite? . . . I should very much regret to see the educators of the Northwest adopt such a policy and commend such a worn-out theory as the resolution contains."

At the next annual meeting the substitute was adopted with very few dissenting votes. The hoped-for and looked-for results, however, did not come. The larger and older colleges, especially of the East, still insisted upon a thorough preparation in the ancient languages as a requirement for admission; and were it not for the technical schools of our larger cities, the institutions for vocational studies, and the State universities, thousands, tens of thousands, of our young people could not secure a higher education along the lines of their aptitudes, such as their tastes require and the times demand.

When scarcely a half-dozen colleges skirted the Atlantic coast, when science was a sealed book, and education was confined to a few, and when these few were intending to enter the professions of law, theology, or medicine, the ancient languages were, indeed, regarded as indispensably useful, a tradition of the Middle Ages; but now all is changed. The forms and usages of electricity, the strata and structure of the earth, the morphology of plants and animals, the manipulation of the microscope, the nomenclature and uses of chemistry, the science of government, the laws of economics, the processes of agriculture, the division of labor in manufactures, the kinds of transportation, the methods of business, which are all revolutionized, and other practical and useful studies which have no relation to the classics, must engage the major time of our young people if they would be considered intelligent. The hearts of men are enlarged, minds broadened, deepened, and we look on a vastly extended horizon and catch vistas that our fathers never dreamed of.

So far as Greek is concerned, we may "fling to the winds our needless fears," for no psychological syllogism, no array of statistics, no renaissance of education, will ever again give it the place it occupied in man's pursuit of knowledge in the nineteenth century. It has been largely relegated to the limbo of innocuous desuetude. We cannot say the same of Latin. Its study is doubtless measurably useful in its reflex influence on the English, in enlarging one's vocabulary, and in giving one a nice distinction in the meaning of words; but even this language should not be forced upon any one who has no taste or talent for its pursuit. The efforts of every one striving for an education that will enable him to meet the exigencies of life, earn a livelihood, and occupy a place for him designed by the Creator must be directed in accordance with his tastes, his interests, his ambition.

By the needs of our famishing pupils, by the wrecks strewn along our high-school courses—results of starvation—by all the demands of the present, by all the hopes of the future, by our knowledge of individual aptitudes and our faith in the laws of heredity, by the undiscovered laws of nature and the undeveloped truths of science, by all our professed sincerity as guides and instructors of the young, let us remove from our schools all semblance of that inscription of the Inferno, "Let him who enters here leave hope behind," and cause to cease ringing in our ears that rebuke of the divine Voice, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me," by so studying the talents and answering to the needs of every immortal soul committed to our charge that we may equip him to walk forth into the highways of opportunity, to secure that contentment and achieve that success for which the schools of the people are maintained.

A. F. NIGHTINGALE,
Formerly Superintendent of the
Evanston, Illinois. Chicago High Schools.

In the next installment of letters on this subject we shall print a group of letters from women

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT TO DO WITH THE MOTION-PICTURE SHOW: SHALL IT BE CENSORED?[1]

BY FREDERIC C. HOWE

CHAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL BOARD OF CENSORSHIP OF MOTION PICTURES

"WHAT shall we do about the motion-picture show?" is a question that is being asked in every town of consequence in the country. It is a question which rises in volume when films which portray sex questions, the white slave traffic, or the social evil make their appearance. It will be raised again when the movie begins to portray labor struggles, conditions in mine and factory; when it becomes the daily press of industrial groups or classes, of Socialism, syndicalism, and radical opinion.

Shall pictures which honestly and with reasonable accuracy portray any or all of these questions be suppressed, because they deal with unconventional or forbidden topics; because they tend to excite class feeling or, as is alleged, tend to bring discredit upon the agencies of government? And, if not suppressed, to what extent should they be censored, and how?

To many people the question presents little difficulty, for we, more than any people in the world, have adopted a repressive policy toward things we do not like. There are some, though a diminishing number, who would suppress the motion picture entirely. They feel about it much as they do about the saloon. There is a very much larger group which would suppress all films which deal with subjects which they do not wish to think about, which offend their sense of propriety. They would censor all subjects which even incidentally as a necessary part of the drama portray crime, vice, the seamy side of life, or the baser passions in any form; films which deal with the social evil or the sex problem. They would justify their censorship on the ground that these subjects should not be discussed in public, that they should not be portrayed upon the stage or be given even such publicity as is afforded by the press.

Still another group would leave the motion-picture art as free as possible, to develop in its own way, to portray every side of life, leaving to the community, through the selective power of the audience and the exhibitor, to determine what subjects should be presented. The latter group justifies its attitude by saying that any kind of interference is dangerous; that censorship would be destructive of the freedom of the press, of art, or of literature; that it has not proved effective as regards the drama in England; and that, even aside from these considerations, no group of persons, no matter how wisely selected, can possibly guide or control any social expression without imperiling that freedom which is essential to artistic development. To this group the motion picture is no different from the daily press, the theater, or any other form of communication. The facts that the movie appeals to millions, that it is democracy's theater, and by reason of its flexibility can be used to portray many things not possible to the stage, do not alter the essential question of the right of freedom.

THE MAGNITUDE OF THE MOTION-PICTURE BUSINESS

Before discussing these divergent points of view, let us briefly consider the motion picture as a business and a factor in the daily life of the people.

There are from 16,000 to 20,000 motion-picture theaters in the United States. They entertain from 7,000,000 to 12,000,000 persons daily, or from 2,000,000,000 to 3,000,000,000 persons a year. One hundred and fifty million dollars is invested in motion-picture productions, upon which the American public spends approximately $300,000,000 a year. The average cost of films is $1 a foot. It may run up to $8 or $10 a foot. The production of the film "Richard III" cost $30,000. One thousand actors, 200 horses, a three-masted war-ship crowded with soldiers, and five battle scenes were included in the production. "From the Manger to the Cross" cost over $200,000.

The largest film plant in the world is located in California. It turns out fourteen complete plays every week; it employs 220 regularly salaried actors and actresses and six directors. In addition there are from 500 to 600 other people employed. The company uses 1,200

[1] Editorial discussion of the question here involved appears in another place.—THE EDITORS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

acres of land in the staging of its productions, and sends out 14,000 feet of negatives every week, which are shipped to studios in New York, where from 150,000 to 200,000 feet of positive films are made.

In Dallas, Texas, it has been estimated that one-third of the population goes to motion-picture shows daily; that in Cleveland, Ohio, one-fifth goes each day. In Chicago there are 650 motion-picture theaters, and 50 vaudeville houses in addition which show films. There is scarcely a villlage that has not one or more motion-picture houses, all supplied through groups of producers, which act as clearing-houses for the exchanges in each State, which exchanges sell the films to the producing houses on a rental basis.

This indicates the magnitude of the motion-picture business, which has grown with unparalleled rapidity during the last few years. Two hundred and forty-two subjects presented to the National Board of Censorship in one month for examination showed the following distribution of subjects:

Farce	57
Comedy	26
Drama and tragedy	82
Melodrama	52
Trick and novelty	6
Scenic and industrial	19
Total	242

In January, 1914, 532 films were presented to the Board. The most inaccessible corners of the earth are being explored by the camera man, while the life of the insect and the plant, of the arctics and the tropics, of the Wild West and the city, are being portrayed to somewhere in the neighborhood of one-tenth of our population every day. Next to the daily press and the school the movie is probably the most influential educational and recreational agency in our daily life. That is one reason why the question of its freedom is of such far-reaching significance.

SOME EFFECTS OF THE MOTION-PICTURE SHOW

No one can trace the influence of the motion-picture show in opening the minds of people to new experiences, new realms of knowledge, new ambitions. It is impossible to measure the contribution which it makes to the mind of the child accustomed to learn only through parents and teachers. Nor can we trace its social or moral influences. Some months ago a reporter on one of the metropolitan newspapers came to me and asked for an interview on the influence of the motion-picture show on the saloon. He stated that many saloon-keepers in New York were complaining that their business was falling off. They attributed this to the competition of the motion-picture show. I made some inquiries, and found that this was true. An investigation was made in Pennsylvania, which showed that of the total number of saloons in one county only about thirty reported that they were making money, and forty per cent of the remainder placed the blame for the decline in profits almost entirely on the motion-picture show. A similar investigation was made in Washington, D. C.

Men now take their wives and families for an evening at the movies, where formerly they went alone to the near-by saloon.

On the other hand, the motion-picture show is affecting the reading public. The librarian of a public library in San Antonio, Texas, is reported to have said that the falling off in the number of books issued from the library, in comparison with that of previous years, is to be ascribed to the competition of the movies. The same complaint, in greatly exaggerated form, comes from the regular theaters, which no longer enjoy any gallery patronage at all. The commercial decline of the theater is largely attributable to the competition of the movie.

These are but a few of the unknown, unseen influences which this colossal commercial agency of publicity has set in motion. To those who would act heedlessly or under the spur of some local repressive agitation on the subject I would suggest that they think through the question, into all of the good and the bad, the immediate and the ultimate, for they are dealing with a force almost as potential as the daily press. Moreover, no one can be sure of the moral effects of any book, drama, or portrayal of fact or fiction that is not obviously vulgar, suggestive, or alluring.

ORGANIZATION OF THE NATIONAL BOARD OF CENSORSHIP

The National Board of Censorship of Motion Pictures was organized five years years ago, in March, 1909, by the People's Institute of New York. The scope of the Board is National as well as local. It came into being after an exhaustive study of the whole subject by Professor Charles

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sprague Smith, the Director of the Institute, and John Collier, who subsequently became the general secretary of the Board. It was organized as a regulative force between the producers, on the one hand, and the public, on the other. Many of the producers welcomed its creation, and the great majority of them now accept its decision as final. At the present time ninety-eight per cent of all the films publicly exhibited in the country are inspected by the Board, those which escape its censorship being almost entirely limited to the special-feature films, owned by companies which produce single films and sell the State rights without the intervention of a selling company. The number of films which were presented to the Board in January, 1914, was 532 (containing 801 reels), or 133 per week. Of these 5 films were condemned entirely, 83 eliminations and changes were made, and 444 were approved by the Board as presented. Each week the Board issues a bulletin enumerating the films presented, the action of the Board upon them, the films condemned, and the changes ordered made, which bulletin is distributed to mayors, chiefs of police, censoring organizations, and voluntary groups throughout the country which have voluntarily organized to enforce the decrees of the Board.[1] For the National Board has no legal position. It exercises its power through moral coercion and the acquiescence of many of the producers in this form of censorship. If a producer refuses to abide by the action of the Board, pressure is brought to bear upon him by the rejection of his output by local agencies throughout the country, which, if continued long enough, will bankrupt his concern, destroy his standing, or seriously cripple his business. All films inspected are presented to the Board before distribution to the country at large.

But the Board does not consider the destruction of films as its most important work. The most valuable results are to be found in the gradual improvement of the quality of motion pictures and in the elimination from all the films of certain undesirable motives, which, in the opinion of the Board, should not be portrayed to audiences containing a considerable percentage of children. The Board also encourages films of an educational, civic, and seriously dramatic character.

The censoring work is all done by voluntary committees, representing the philanthropic and civic organizations of New York. Over one hundred persons give a portion of their time to this work. They are divided into groups of from five to ten persons, each of which meets on stated days for the viewing of films. Above the Censoring Committee is the General Committee of twenty-four members, made up of representatives of the Young Men's Christian Association, Charity Organization Society, Children's Aid Society, League for Political Education, Federation of Churches, New York City Federation of Women's Clubs, the Public Education Association, the National Committee of the Young Women's Christian Association, the People's Institute, and eight members-at-large. To this General Committee appeals may be taken from the action of the Censoring Committee.

The actual executive work is performed by a staff of five secretaries, who have no voice in the censoring. The films are inspected in studios provided by the companies, of which there are four. The Board may take any one of three actions: it may approve a film, recommend alterations, or condemn it *in toto*.

As soon as action is taken the producer is notified in writing by the secretary, who follows up the decisions of the Board by an inspection of the New York theaters, by the examination of motion-picture trade papers; he has the co-operation of local censoring boards and public officials in other cities throughout the country. If the Board finds that a manufacturer neglects to present a film to the Board or refuses to carry out its orders, all relations between the owner of the film and the Board are immediately terminated. It is a standing rule of the Board that it must review in advance all of a manufacturer's product or none of it, and that it will continue this work only so long as the manufacturer abides by the Board's recommendations.

STANDARDS OF JUDGMENT OF THE NATIONAL BOARD OF CENSORSHIP

The National Board of Censorship has in five years passed on 20,000 film subjects. In the course of its censoring it has been compelled to answer almost every possible question relating to ethics, good taste, and the public welfare. In reaching conclusions as to the goodness or badness of a film, it

[1] In this connection it might be said that the Board invites the co-operation of local organizations, and welcomes their aid in the inspection of local productions and the enforcement of its decrees. Approximately two hundred local agencies are in weekly correspondence with the New York office.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tries to judge by the spirit rather than by the letter, and by the net reaction of the play rather than by any particular part of it. It is never possible to say in advance how the Board will act on a given scenario, for the decision of the Board depends upon its estimate of the probable effect of the picture on the average audience.

The standards of judgment announced by the Board are as follows:

1. The Board prohibts obscenity in all forms.
2. The Board prohibits vulgarity when it offends or when it verges toward indecency, unless an adequate moral purpose is served.
3. The Board prohibits the representation of crime in such a detailed way as may teach the methods of committing crime except as in the judgment of the Board the representation serves as a warning to the whole public.
4. The Board prohibits morbid scenes of crime, where the only value of the scene is its morbidity or criminal appeal.

Nevertheless, the Board cannot judge films exclusively from the standpoint of children, of delicate women, of the emotionally morbid, or of any one class of audience. But the Board does take into consideration, as one of the controlling motives governing it, the fact that possibly twenty-five per cent of the total motion-picture audience is made up of children under sixteen.

5. The Board prohibits the unnecessary elaboration or prolongation of scenes of suffering, brutality, vulgarity, violence, or crime.
6. The Board prohibits blasphemy, by which is understood the careless or wanton or unnecessary offense against religious susceptibilities of any large number of people in the country.
7. The Board prohibits anything obviously or wantonly libelous in films, anything calculated to cause injury to persons or interests from an obviously malicious or libelous motive, and films dealing with questions of fact which relate to criminal cases pending in the courts.

But the Board does not censor motion pictures from the standpoint of protecting the exhibitor or manufacturer from the consequences of producing a film which may alienate some powerful element in the community. To illustrate: the Board would permit the production of a film containing a non-libelous attack on a great political party, even though the circulation of this film would result in making enemies for the producer of the films, or for the whole motion-picture business.

The Board does not, in judging films, allow itself to be influenced by the moral character of persons who may be concerned in the production or acting of the films. But the Board does retain the right to forbid, at its discretion, the exploitation of unworthy reputations, such as the morbid representation of persons who may have been associated with famous criminal cases.

8. In addition to the above specifications, the Board feels in general that it is right in forbidding scenes or films which, because of elements frequently very subtle which they contain, have a deteriorating tendency on the basic moralities or necessary social standards.

In explanation of its standards the Board has issued the following statement:

The Board does not enforce on motion pictures simply its own views of what is desirable and right. The Board tries to eliminate its own personal equation completely. It tries to judge as to the real effect of each film on the composite audience which will witness it. Having reached a conclusion on this point, the Board then tries to act on behalf of the general conscience and intelligence of the country, in permitting or prohibiting a given scene or film. The Board's hardest task is to decide what is this general conscience of the country. The general conscience of the country believes in free speech on religious and political matters; in the right of people to live and enjoy themselves in the way they see fit, so long as fundamental morality is not injured; to insure a certain amount of freedom both to speech, to art, and to conduct is a part of the conscience of the country, as much as to forbid obscene and demoralizing speech and art and to prevent destructive actions. The above statement will have to take the place of a complicated and philosophical discussion which might be introduced at this point.

The Board does not regard itself as a censor of taste, unless it is clear that the question of taste is an essentially moral question.

The Board does not regard itself as a censor of accuracy, unless the inaccuracy in question is of a libelous kind, or will result in some concrete disaster to the person whom the inaccuracy misleads. Only the latter statement needs to be illustrated, and it may be said in way of illustration that the Board would not approve a film conveying, under the guise of scientific truth, the idea that tuberculosis can be cured by means of patent medicines.

The Board is not responsible for the posters, handbills, or other advertising which may be given out concerning motion pictures. These are often sensational, sometimes misleading, and need to be controlled by local authorities all over the country, but it is impossible for the Board of Censorship to be responsible for them, as it passes only on films.

DIFFICULTY IN APPLYING STANDARDS

Difficult as is the formation of standards, the application of these standards to specific

PRODUCED BY UNZ:ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

films presents even greater difficulties. To one person wrongs can only be corrected by letting in the light. To him the white slave film (in so far as it contains no suggestive or alluring features) is highly educational. It produces hatred and disgust of vice and wrong-doing. It educates millions who have no other means of knowledge of what is going on in the underworld. To another any portrayal of vice or crime awakens curiosity and the inclination to imitate. It is dangerous. They say: "Treat sex through experts, by trained teachers in the subjects."

The Wild West Show, the saloon, the dance-hall and cabaret (the French importation), such plays as "Camille," the dramatization of the "House of Bondage," the street life of New York—all of these are debatable subjects, over whose propriety members of the Board differ constantly. Different minds react differently on the same subject-matter, and quite generally the male members of the Board react differently from the women members.

THE QUESTION OF OFFICIAL CENSORSHIP

At the present time in a number of States there is an agitation for official censorship of all motion-picture films. Aside from the question of the constitutionality of such censorship is the question of the *ultimate* effect of the assumption by the State of the right of regulating this most important avenue of expression. Should the State pass upon the desirability of the portrayal of labor questions, of Socialism, the Industrial Workers of the World, and the insistent issues which are crowding to the fore? Should it extend its censorship to the drama, and, if the answer is affirmative, why not to the press? If such censorship is provided for, will not this great field of dramatic expression be subjected to the fear of suppression, so that only the safe and sane, the purely conventional, the uncontroversial film will be produced? For it must be remembered that the cost of the ordinary film ranges from $1,500 to possibly $50,000, and the whole investment might be destroyed by an act of the Government, working through a board which may or may not reflect the political, social, or industrial bias of the Administration in power. Certainly this would be a menace hanging over every producer who entered the field of industrial agitation. Then the control of this official board would be a prize worth struggling for—a prize comparable to the control of the Associated Press, and almost as dangerous to the freedom of the country.

That these dangers inhere in any form of censoring is admitted. It inheres in purely voluntary censorship like that of the National Board, and it was a realization of all these dangers that led to the provision for a large membership in the Censoring Committee and the inclusion of as many different types, interests, and activities as possible. A voluntary board, too, may come to prize its powers. It may become inflexible, intolerant, or class conscious. It may be repressive. Only eternal vigilance of all the factors involved will guard against these dangers. And under the wisest of guidance mistakes of judgment will undoubtedly be made. But, whatever the accidental judgment of particular films or the errors in opinion as to what should be shown, none of these immediate or temporary evils compare in seriousness with the danger to the art itself from the ascendency of a point of view which would stifle, or threaten to stifle, the freedom of this industry as a mirror of the every-day life, hopes, and aspirations of the people. For the motion-picture show is not only democracy's theater, it is a great educational agency, and it is likely to become a propagandist agency of unmeasured possibilities.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMERCE AND FINANCE

A WEEKLY ARTICLE BY THEODORE H. PRICE

SOME OF THE BEST BOOKS ON BUSINESS

SECOND ARTICLE

IN the preceding article in regard to books for business men I suggested a few volumes of both classic and contemporary literature the reading of which would, in my opinion, acquaint the man of affairs with a general knowledge of the economic philosophy, the history, and the mechanism of commerce and finance.

I had intended to devote this second article upon the same subject exclusively to the lighter literature of business, including the biographies of distinguished merchants and bankers, and some of the romance and fiction in which the characters and adventures of those engaged in the world's trade are described.

I am, however, conscious of having omitted from the list of books previously mentioned a few that deal with the more serious problems of commercial life, and, at the risk of seeming tedious, shall first mention four other volumes which treat of some subjects with which the well-informed merchant, manufacturer, or financier should not be unfamiliar.

I do not share the opinion held by some business men that the advice of lawyers in regard to practical matters of business is superfluous and unnecessary. The counsel of a conscientious and practical lawyer is indispensable in all matters that are in any degree complex or novel.

This is especially true in the United States, where a multiplicity of State and Federal statutes greatly add to the difficulty of keeping entirely within the law. There are nevertheless many fundamental legal principles which affect our rights and duties, a general and intelligent knowledge of which will be immensely helpful to those whose activities lead them into the contractual relations of business.

The United States differs from Great Britain in having a written Constitution. It is the fundamental law limiting and controlling the application of all subsequent legislation, and was described by Gladstone as "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

A knowledge of the Constitution is of great practical value, and the intellectual enjoyment and educational training incident to the acquisition of that knowledge lead me to urge all business men to acquaint themselves with an outline of the history and principles of this remarkable document.

Many books have been written with regard to the Constitution, but I believe that most lawyers will agree with me that the "Twelve Lectures on the Constitution of the United States," delivered by Samuel Freeman Miller, during his lifetime an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, compose the least pedantic and the most readable, entertaining, and informing volume upon this weighty subject that has yet been produced.

Two of these lectures, namely, the ninth and the eleventh, dealing respectively with the "regulation of commerce among the States" and the "impairment of the obligation of contracts," will be incomparably valuable to all business men.

Justice Miller had the great advantage of being both a business man and a doctor before he embraced the profession of law. He was at first a druggist, and afterward a physician. He was not admitted to the bar until he was thirty-one years of age, and was in every respect a self-educated and self-made man.

His study of the Constitution evinces a broad and practical sympathy with life and affairs that lifts it far above the level of the ordinary law book, and makes it a most desirable addition to the library of every business man.

There are two other books, both of them of English authorship, that are so informing in their treatment of fundamental legal principles that I venture to include them also.

One is "The Elements of Jurisprudence," by Thomas Erskine Holland, Professor of International Law and Diplomacy at Oxford, and an honorary member of the faculty of many other European universities, and the other is "The Elements of Law," by Sir William Markby, also of Oxford and a distinguished English jurist.

While the average business man may not care to read these two last-named books for entertainment, he will find in them much that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will make it easier for him to reach intelligent conclusions with regard to the legal aspects of many questions which almost daily confront those who deal with commercial affairs of any magnitude.

Professor Holland's discussion of the difference between natural and artificial persons will, for instance, give a clearer idea of the legal differentiation between the rights of an individual and those of a corporation than most men who are not lawyers possess, while Sir William Markby's chapter upon "Liability upon Contract" will greatly increase the layman's knowledge of the essentials of validity in a contract.

The three law books mentioned are not intended, in any sense, to make of "every man his own lawyer;" but a fairly accurate knowledge of the principles with which they deal will undoubtedly increase the satisfaction and confidence with which the ordinary person can determine questions affected by a legal interest.

"The Operation of the New Bank Act," meaning the Federal Reserve Bill, is the title of a book very recently prepared by Thomas Conway, Jr., Professor of Finance at the University of Pennyslvania, and Ernest M. Patterson, Instructor in Finance in the same institution.

This book is a valuable digest and analysis of the new Bank Act and the Federal Reserve Bank system for which it provides. I reviewed it briefly in The Outlook shortly after its publication. It will be a valuable addition to the banker's reference library, but is hardly a volume to which one who is not a banker would have occasion to refer.

The four books named above about complete the list of those that the well-informed business man might feel it a duty to read. They can hardly be regarded as amusing, though I am quite sure that most thoughtful men will find them entertaining.

Coming to those volumes that are in lighter vein, I put first "The Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions" and "The Madness of Crowds," two volumes written by Charles Mackay and published in London in 1852. These books are now out of print, and can only be obtained from some dealer in uncurrent literature.

They describe in chronological order the more important manias or crazes by which the political, social, and commercial world has been periodically obsessed since the Crusades. They deal most interestingly with the "Witch Mania of the Fifteenth Century;" "The Popular Admiration of Great Thieves," which made heroes of Robin Hood, Dick Turpin, Jack Sheppard, and Rob Roy; "The Origin of the Duello;" "The Mississippi Bubble;" The South Sea Bubble;" "The Tulipomania in Holland," which was a speculation in tulip bulbs that nearly bankrupted the country; "The Popular Delusion with Regard to Alchemy;" and other aberrations that have from time to time affected entire communities or nations. It is to be hoped that some enterprising publisher will reprint these books.

Another book that possesses great romantic interest for the student of commercial history is Vincent Nolte's "Fifty Years in Both Hemispheres." It was published in 1854, and is also out of print. The author was a German commercial adventurer who made and lost many fortunes during the troublous period of the Napoleonic wars. He was engaged in business on both sides of the Atlantic, and his memoirs contain the story of his relations with the prominent bankers of both Europe and America, including especially Baring Brothers, Hope & Co. of Amsterdam, and G. J. Ouvrard, the banker who financed Bonaparte, raising for him instantaneously sums which seem immense measured even by the financial standards of to-day.

Next in order I suggest "The World's Great Financial Dynasties," by C. T. Revere. It includes brief histories of the great financial houses of the Medicis, the Fuggers, and the Rothschilds. The Fuggers were a German family of bankers who supplied nearly all the money required for the wars of Continental Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. From time to time for nearly two centuries they had in pawn nearly every crown in Europe, and their operations were most romantic both in magnitude and influence.

To Americans the biography of Robert Morris and that of Jay Cooke, both by Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer, and the "Memoirs of Henry Villard," by his wife, will prove most interesting. Another biography that every one should read is the life of George Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, by Samuel Smiles. The story of his patient perseverance in the face of terrific discouragement will appeal to all men who have tried to do things.

No adequate biography of J. Pierpont Morgan has yet been written. He has not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Title of Book	Author	Publisher
Republic	Plato	Several publishers
Ethics	Aristotle	Several publishers
Politics	Aristotle	Several publishers
The Economist	Xenophon	Several publishers
Wealth of Nations	Adam Smith	Several publishers
Principle of Population	ThomasRobert Malthus	Several publishers
Principles of Political Economy	David Ricardo	Macmillans, New York
The Principle of Utility. Being an Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation	Jeremy Bentham	Several publishers
Political Economy (two volumes)	John Stuart Mill	Appletons, New York
Lombard Street	Walter Bagehot	Scribners, New York
The Principles of Economics (two volumes)	F. W. Taussig	Macmillans, New York
Financial Crises and Periods of Industrial and Commercial Depression	Theodore E. Burton	Appletons, New York
The Purchasing Power of Money	Irving Fisher	Macmillans, New York
Money and the Mechanism of Exchange	W. S. Jevons	Appletons, New York
Science of Statistics	Richmond Mayo-Smith	Macmillans, New York
History of Modern Banks of Issue	Charles A. Conant	Harper & Bros., New York
Wall Street and the Country	Charles A. Conant	Harper & Bros., New York
The Principles of Money and Banking	Charles A. Conant	Harper & Bros., New York
The [London] Stock Exchange	F. W. Hirst	Henry Holt & Co., New York
The [New York] Stock Exchange from Within	W. C. Van Antwerp	Doubleday, Page & Co., New York
Railroad Transportation, Its History and Laws	Arthur T. Hadley	Putnams, New York
Railway Misrule	Edward Dudley Kenna	Duffield & Co., New York
Trade of the World	James D. Whelpley	Century Co., New York
Primer of Finance	F. J. Lisman	F. J. Lisman & Co., New York
The Economic Interpretation of History	Thorold Rogers	Putnams, New York
Constitution of the United States	Samuel F. Miller	Banks & Bros., New York
Elements of Jurisprudence	Thomas E. Holland	West Pub. Co., St. Paul, Minn.
Elements of Law	Sir William Markby	Macmillans, New York
The Operation of the New Bank Act	ThomasConway,Jr., and Ernest M. Patterson	J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.
The Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions	Charles Mackay	Published in 1852 by the National Illustrated Library, London
The Madness of Crowds	Charles Mackay	Published in 1852 by the National Illustrated Library, London
Fifty Years in Both Hemispheres	Vincent Nolte	Published in 1854 by J. S. Redfield, New York
The World's Great Financial Dynasties	C. T. Revere	Privately published
The Biographies of Robert Morris and Jay Cooke	EllisPaxsonOberholtzer	Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., Phila.
Memoirs of Henry Villard	His Wife	Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston
The Life of George Stephenson	Samuel Smiles	Harper & Bros., New York
Life of J. Pierpont Morgan	Carl Hovey	Sturgis & Walton, New York
Some Biographical Sketches of the Greatest English Merchants	H. R. Fox Bourne	Chatto & Windus, London
The Life of the American Railway Builder—John M. Forbes	Henry G. Pearson	Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston
In the Market-Place	Harold Frederic	F. A. Stokes Co., New York
Calumet "K"	Samuel Merwin and Henry Kitchell Webster	Macmillans, New York
The Golden Flood	Edwin Lefevre	Doubleday, Page & Co., New York
The Financier	Theodore Dreiser	Century Co., New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been dead long enough. Prior to his death a sketch of his life was written by Carl Hovey.

"Some Biographical Sketches of the Greatest English Merchants," by H. R. Fox Bourne, published in London in 1898, is worth reading, and another desirable addition is the life of John M. Forbes, of Boston, the builder of the Michigan Central Railway. His struggles, his success, and his unvarying rectitude of purpose make a most interesting and romantic story.

The temptation to enlarge the biographical department is great; but we must resist it and content ourselves with the addition of just four novels that deal with contemporary commercial and financial life. They are:

"In the Market-Place," by Harold Frederic, a story of financial promotion and speculation as conducted on the London Stock Exchange.

"Calumet 'K,'" by Samuel Merwin and Henry Kitchell Webster, is a novel which describes the hurried construction of a grain elevator in Chicago, to be used for the storage of wheat secretly accumulated to break a corner. I defy any one who commences to read the book to put it down until he has finished it. Balzac never wrote anything more absorbing.

"The Golden Flood," by Edwin Lefevre, is an exposition in the guise of a novel of the quantitative theory of money. The hero of the story deposits immense sums of gold bullion in a New York bank. His actions are so mysterious and his accumulations so large that the leaders of the financial world, having cognizance of them, finally become convinced that he is possessed of the alchemist's stone and can produce gold at will. The result is the paradox of a panic in the bond market coincidentally with an excited appreciation in the value of stocks. The *dénouement* shall remain undisclosed lest the enjoyment of the book be spoiled. The logic of the mythical events related is inexorable. The story will greatly interest those who have followed the statistics of gold production.

"The Financier," by Theodore Dreiser, is a dramatic story which deals with the panic of 1873, the failure of Jay Cooke & Co., the early speculation in street railway stocks in Philadelphia, and the most dramatic events in the life of the late Charles T. Yerkes. The fidelity to legal detail with which the trial and conviction of the City Treasurer of Philadelphia are described alone makes it worth reading; but it is extremely interesting otherwise.

But I must now close the list. There are many other books that might be included; but the shelf is already crowded, and to burden it further might break it down.

Those who may desire to possess themselves of any of the books enumerated in this and my preceding article may find the list of titles, authors, and publishers on the preceding page helpful.

THE SPECTATOR

THE Mandarin's wife brought out a dainty basket and passed it around. "Something to do while we're waiting for the play," she explained. It held Chinese sweetmeats and nuts with queer, pleasant flavors. The Mandarin, peacock feather and all, was leaning over the balcony rail, dangling a mammoth toy spider on a long string over the crowd below. Shrieks of laughter greeted its descent upon a water-carrier's shoulder. The surprised victim jumped, but afterward laughed as heartily as any of them, and caught the nuts which the Mandarin's wife threw down. The wide floor was crowded and gorgeous with color. Here stalked a Manchu noble with yellow-caped hat and dropping mustachios beside a damsel all in rose and blue and gold, with glittering gilded head-dress. Here a bearded peddler, with a long wand tipped with many streamers, offered all comers tiny packets of tea from a bag slung over his shoulder, and a merchant carried a great gilt bird-cage with a papier-maché parrot perched on the top rung. A girl in green silk trousers, with a Chinese lute, was followed by a young student in lavender brocade. Two coolie women with tremendous fringed hats touched elbows with a princess in a yellow robe stiff with gorgeous embroidery. There was no distinction of class or caste in this gay Chinese fête, for it was not in Peking, but in Boston, where Copley Hall had been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

transformed into a Chinese palace for the occasion.

"It only took three days to decorate the hall," said a yamun servant in a peaked hat with a red tassel, leaning over the Spectator's shoulder and surveying the scene with pride. He and his clever artist wife had been largely responsible for the success of the fête. "The gallery was left over from the last dance given here," he explained, "and we set to work to put it into red and yellow, black and white—all very simply. The lettered sign-boards and streamers have all sorts of nonsense on them. Those handsome characters on that one—fine, aren't they?—stand for 'No smoking allowed here.' They look just as imposing as the Precepts of Confucius—every bit. The lanterns and banners are all broad, flat work, easy and sketchy; but it is a good effect all through." The Copley Society had indeed achieved color, breadth, and simplicity in this strong and brilliant scene, and the stage-managers had achieved an equal triumph. "The scenery was sketched by a Chinese girl student, a Wellesley senior, one of the first four girls sent to school and college here by the Chinese Government," said the yamun servant, "and it has been painted by art students of the Museum under expert direction. The big seated Buddha for the opening scene is really a corker." It was, indeed. When the audience seated themselves at last, around the wall, in the balcony, and on hurriedly arranged chairs in the front, and the curtains parted to disclose a vivid glow of light and a ring of saffron-robed priests chanting before the great image, the artistic quality of the scene was striking.

"See Yue Chee" was the play, whose programme was printed on red paper—true firecracker red. The Chinese, constant to their record of being always ahead of the West, dramatized their novels before Hall Caine ever thought of it. "See Yue Chee" is taken from a novel that has held its own since the seventh century ("best sellers" please take notice) and is a literary gem. Its underlying theme is the introduction of Buddhism into China by a pilgrim priest who journeys from the Flowery Kingdom to India and brings back the faith, against every imaginable peril, human and superhuman. It is a Chinese "Pilgrim's Progress," and admits, of course, of every kind of exciting situation. Five scenes were given, chosen and arranged by a Chinese student at Harvard, and acted by a score and more of other Chinese students, men and girls. The same girl who sketched the scenery acted the part of Kwannon, the Chinese Goddess of Mercy. A grandson of Marquis Tseng took the rôle of the Demon of Darkness, executing a most expert sword-dance in the second scene. The stage director was a Tech. student, President of the Cosmopolitan Club. The Peony Nymph was a senior at Dana Hall. The general manager was a prominent officer of the Chinese Student Alliance, who had taken the first prize for oratory in three successive years at Yale. They were all amateurs, but they proved that amateur Chinese theatricals are remarkably finished and clever.

The audience—and the Spectator was one of them in that—had plenty of curiosity to see the play, but a frank expectation of being bored by it. To listen to unintelligible gutturals for two hours seemed tedious in anticipation. But the pantomime was so vivid, and at times so humorous, that the play got over the footlights victoriously from the first. The chanting of the Pilgrim was fascinating, with its queer minors and abrupt turns and pauses; and the three guardian spirits given him by Kwannon, as she appeared in answer to his invocations in the temple, were such delightful grotesques, as they accompanied him through his wilderness journey, that the audience was captivated continuously. The Spectator, looking down from the gallery, saw rows of upturned and attentive faces that followed the play as eagerly as children do the "movies." A gong announced each scene, and after every one the principal actors, one after another, came out and stood awaiting applause—an antipodal arrangement of the curtain-call which insures that no player will be neglected. There were no encores, however—the Flowery Kingdom is firm about that.

The Monkey Spirit and the Pig Spirit were the comic relief, and they were irresistible. The Monkey's motions had a certain archaic and fantastic quality that cannot be described, but that brought down the house; and Chu Pei-kai, the Pig, had an infectious laugh that any comedian might envy. The Demon of Darkness shot forth his com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mands in a high, neighing screech like nothing on earth but a calliope gone bad, and the Ox Demon humorously flittered his hoofs so as to get a laugh every time he appeared. There was an old man demon who had almost nothing to do but to cross the stage in one scene; but he was old age itself, and no one could wonder that he deceived and helped entrap the Pilgrim.

The stage gestures often had a scenic meaning, as the Spectator found out. When the demons came in, each was holding out a stick with a bunch of horsehair at the top, which was jerked back with emphasis as they halted. This meant that they came in on horseback, and reined in their fiery mounts. One of the frequent archaic motions of the Monkey Spirit indicated that he was swinging from tree to tree—no trees being present. When the Goddess of Mercy walked in, she made the motion of descending from the skies. This scenic shorthand makes it possible for any company of Chinese actors to give the most *exigeant* drama anywhere, just as English actors could do on the Elizabethan stage. Reinhardt and Gordon Craig are only the Western exponents of what the Flowery Kingdom decided upon ages ago—that the imagination of the audience can be safely trusted to carry out a merely suggested scene. Upholstered and painted setting, perfect in trivial detail, is not so all-important as it looks to the property-man.

The Spider Nymph's cave, however, had a most picturesque rope web. It was the leading scene, for she called in jugglers, singers, etc., to charm her captives—the Vanity Fair scene of the allegory. The conjuring, the playing and singing, and the shuttlecock playing were all amateur, the Spectator learned afterwards, but they were good enough to pass muster anywhere, especially the shuttlecock part. One after another entered into this game, using no battledore whatever, only the foot, the hip, the shoulder, or the head, as appeared to be most convenient. The shuttlecock, a tall, feathery white affair, flew up and down and around, kicked or jerked upward by the lithest and quickest movements imaginable, and caught on the nose, the forehead, or the chin at will, like a bit of thistle-down settling on anything at hand. The music was on quaint lutes and flutes, with an earnestly sawed sort of irregularly shaped horizontal fiddle. Like the bagpipes of Angus McClan, in the "Bab Ballads," it "distinctly resembled an air," though not one that would ever become popular on this side of the world.

The Pilgrim, returning safely, with Pig and Monkey grinning triumphantly behind him, was finally received by the Emperor Tang Tai-tsoong at the city gates, and honored by a memorial tablet while he was alive—surely a sensible Oriental way. The curtains closed for the last time amid great applause, and the audience rose *en masse*, and turned toward the tea-room and *Tsar Tien*, which the red programme announced would be found there. A girl in blue and green, with a branch of cherry-blossoms, initiated the Spectator into the mysteries of the feast. "The white stuff," she said, "is cake, only it isn't very sweet, and the white things in the bowls of water that look like bulbs are a sort of preserved litchi nuts, but they aren't sweet either. The things that look like dates are sweet candied oranges, very good, and as for the ham sandwiches and the tea and coffee, *they* speak English." Everybody set to work to sample everything with Bostonian thoroughness, and the Spectator found the *Tsar Tien* very pleasant, exotic though it was.

By this time the orchestra, in Chinese costume, had taken possession of the stage, and was playing Occidental music for those who wanted to dance informally. It was as decorative a dance as could be imagined—far more so than a fancy-dress ball, because the welter of strong colors, red and blue and yellow and gold, was ahead of any other combination the Spectator has ever seen. Mandarins dancing the Maxixe are peculiarly picturesque. The Grand Panjandrum, with the little round button at the top, was to be seen dancing the Catch-as-catch-can till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of his boots—to the mind's eye, anyhow. The Spectator had never placed the Grand Panjandrum before; but, considering the cap-button of the Mandarin, and the fact that gunpowder was discovered by the Celestials, and that the sun myth has never been seriously advanced in this connection to befog the searcher for truth, it appears practically certain that it was at a Chinese fête that this eminent and mysterious personage burst upon an enraptured world for the first time. Who can disprove it, at any rate?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW BOOKS

THE JAPANESE QUESTION[1]

Dr. Sidney L. Gulick has been for many years an American missionary in Japan. He is a man of keen and open mind who has studied the Japanese at first hand, and probably understands their history, their point of view, their temperament, and their aims as thoroughly as any American. He has in rare degree the respect and confidence of the people among whom he has lived. He holds the chair of Theology in Doshisha University, at Kyoto, and is lecturer in the Imperial University in that city. From every point of view he is qualified to speak with authority on things Japanese. During the past winter and spring he has spoken to many American audiences, interpreting the Japanese spirit and defining what he regards as a wise and just policy toward that country. In view of the widespread ignorance of Japanese history and aims in this country, Dr. Gulick is as truly a missionary here as in Japan. It is such men as he, who know the facts, who understand racial differences and characteristics, and who are capable of looking at racial relations in a large as well as in a local sense, who are the international missionaries of to-day, the true correctives of the mischief done by the yellow press. Dr. Gulick is well within bounds when he says that the only yellow peril is the yellow newspaper; and that is a peril in every country in the world, and especially in this country and in Japan.

Dr. Gulick's book is not only important from the educational point of view, but it is also very readable. It is in no sense an abstract discussion—an academic plea. It is full of significant facts and of careful characterization. It has the journalistic quality of timeliness because it deals frankly with existing conditions between the United States and Japan; but it deals with them from the point of view of a world-statesman, and not from the standpoint of local prejudice. There is no question now before the United States of greater importance than the relations of this country with the East; not simply the question what we shall do with reference to Japan, but what we shall do with reference to China. Sooner or later all the issues that have been raised in the discussion of our relations with Japan will be raised in our relations with China. Napoleon said: "The East is a sleeping giant. When it awakens, let the West beware!" The giant has already awakened; the giant is fast getting on his feet; his eyes are opened; he is beginning to understand his strength, and also how he has been treated by other nations. He is by temper and habit a peaceful giant; there are immense possibilities of good in him. His tremendous strength is at the service of civilization. He is not of an exacting frame of mind; he is naturally an affectionate giant. If he is treated with justice and kindness, his gianthood will add strength to the great cause of the liberation of humanity; if he is oppressed, flouted, or merely exploited, his kindness will turn to hatred, and he may become a menace. It lies with the West to decide what his future temper is to be.

The Eastern situation, so far as the United States is concerned, presents itself in two aspects: the regulation of labor immigration, and the larger question of the relations of the United States and the Far East. Dr. Gulick discusses both these questions with reference to the Japanese. He describes their characteristics, interprets their spirit, discusses the possibility of assimilation, points out in two very interesting chapters the difference between biological and social assimilation, and from many points of view throws light on a situation to which most people bring only heat. He is opposed to unlimited immigration. He says:

> The fundamental postulate of California's anti-Asiatic policy is correct. We cannot tolerate a swamping immigration, overturning our democratic institutions or bringing economic ruin to Caucasian laborers. But in seeking to carry out her policy California has erred, for she seeks to settle an international matter in the light of local interests. Her anti-alien bill was needless, humiliating to Japan, and short-sighted.

This puts the American-Japanese question very concisely and fundamentally. Our policy, whatever may be its details, ought to involve proper restriction of immigration, with proper regard for the position of Japan and with friendship toward a country for the later

[1] The American Japanese Problem. By Sidney L. Gulick. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.75.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

history of which the United States is largely responsible.

Japan, Dr. Gulick declares, does not demand free immigration to America. She asks for courtesy of treatment and maintenance of the historical friendship between the two countries. She earnestly deprecates invidious and humiliating anti-Asiatic legislation, however skillfully phrased. Possibly the peoples of Asia have discovered that the West "regards all Asiatics as inferiors, as undesirables, and treats them as such, not only in conflict with solemn treaties, but out of harmony with their national dignity. This treatment causes indignation. It is evoking the solidarity of Asiatic consciousness against the white man."

This involves not only a growing race consciousness, but a growing race antipathy which threatens tragic results; among these results are vast expenditures of money for military purposes on both sides for defensive purposes, when, as a matter of fact, the real preparation needed is justice and courtesy and consideration in our intercourse with these races. This antipathy prevents the normal development of trade and interferes "with the mutual exchange of the best treasures of the East and West. How can we hope to raise Asia to our economic and moral level on a basis of mutual suspicion, hatred, and enmity? But unless we raise Asia to our level she will eventually pull us down to hers."

This puts the situation, as seen by a statesman and not by a politician, in its fundamental form, and justifies the statement that the relations of the East and the West constitute perhaps the greatest international question of the near future. "The widely advocated policy of complete Asiatic exclusion," writes Dr. Gulick, "only perpetuates and even aggravates the evil, for it breeds more and more mutual suspicion and hatred with all their inevitable consequences."

Dr. Gulick's views of the solution of the problem, so far as immigration is concerned, have been presented before Congressional committees and have been widely printed. He proposes that the number of aliens of any race who may be admitted to the United States in any fiscal year shall be limited to five per cent of the number of native-born persons of the first generation together with the number of naturalized citizens of that race in the United States at the time of the National census next preceding. This, he holds, would place all nations on an equality, and at the same time sharply limit the immigration of laborers; it would avoid invidious and humiliating treatment of any race; it would admit into the country for permanent residence only so many aliens as we can assimilate.

Dr. Gulick also suggests a Federal Bureau of Registration, in which all aliens shall remain registered until they become citizens, with an annual registration fee; and he insists that eligibility to American citizenship ought to be determined by personal, not by race, qualifications.

It has been said that our policy toward Japan has been marked by two defects: lack of manners and lack of imagination. A part of the country has been trying to do a necessary thing in the worst possible way.

Dr. Gulick's discussion is characterized by both courtesy and imagination. It is the work of a man who clearly sees present conditions and frankly deals with them, but who also has that vision of the future without which there is no statesmanship.

Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by James Hastings, with assistance of John A. Selbie, M.A., D.D., and Louis H. Gray, M.A., Ph.D. Vol. VI. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

A specially noteworthy characteristic of this splendid work is its inclusiveness of many subjects not obviously but really germane to its title. Among such are Fiction (primitive, Oriental, Græco-Roman, mediæval, and modern), Games, Giants, Hand, Handicrafts, Historiography, Hunting and Fishing. So Heine, though Kingsley called him "a bad man" and Carlyle thought him "a poor blackguard," finds place here as "a friend to all sincere religion," and even the voluptuary Horace, as an adherent of Rome's primitive nature-religion. This wide inclusiveness appears rather strikingly in the two pages on Hooliganism, a modern kind of human sacrifice, for which society is mainly responsible.

Memories of My Youth. By George H. Putnam. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

The most exciting part of Major Putnam's younger days was his service in the Civil War. Both in battle and prison his experiences were notably unusual and are narrated by aid of a remarkable memory for interesting detail and of a graphic descriptive style. Many Outlook readers will remember as having first appeared in this journal part of Major Putnam's stirring story of suffering and escape. Besides the war reminiscences, there is much of interest in these memories relating to foreign university life

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many years ago, to travel, and to recollections of literary men of fame. Altogether it is a thoroughly readable and worth-while record of an active life.

Country Library (The). By Saida B. Antrim and Ernest I. Antrim. The Pioneer Press, Van Wert, Ohio. $2.

In an article on "Byways of Library Work," published in The Outlook some time since, an account was given of the country library movement, and mention was made of the Brumback Library of Van Wert County, Ohio, as the pioneer in this movement. The volume before us gives a careful history of the activities of the Brumback Library and contains much that should interest librarians and library trustees the country over. An introduction by the United States Commissioner of Education, Dr. Claxton, points out that this record furnishes illustrations of how best city, country, private individuals, and the public may co-operate in library work.

Ancient Greece. By H. B. Cotterill, M.A. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.50.

The sub-title of this charming volume characterizes it as a history of civilization and culture. Not many years have passed since credible Greek history was dated from B. C. 776. Thanks mainly to the work of the spade in the Troad, in Crete, at Mycenæ, and elsewhere, enough is now known of a civilization earlier by more than two thousand years to construct its history in outline. More than seventy pages are devoted to this "Ægean Civilization," copiously illustrated by relics of its powerful empire enthroned in Crete and overthrown by invaders from northern Europe, "the blond-haired Achæans," of whose supremacy and character the Homeric poems, composed in later time, are now the sole portrayal.

A "dark age" follows, a mythical period of great invasions and migrations—Æolic, Ionic, Doric—covering some three centuries down to the beginning of certified history in the eighth century B.C. That it was an evil time its great poet of the common people, Hesiod, writing in the ninth century, testifies. His "cry for justice and for equality before the law is the earliest in European literature." Much else of his time we learn, even to the dress of women, as in his epithet for a fashionable lady—"furnished with a big bustle behind." The six pages devoted to this rural sociologist show him to have been a moralist of the Poor Richard type. The social conditions revealed by him prelude the following "age of colonization," to which they gave incentive, resulting in the Greater Greece that spread from Italy to the Euxine.

The scene now widens so that the foregoing must suffice to exhibit the author's treatment of his theme. Along with the course of the familiar external history, through intestine conflicts and foreign wars, the cultural development runs parallel. Copious illustrations of it in art are accompanied with interpretation by this connoisseur. The extant plays of the great tragedians are outlined and commented on. Poets, philosophers, and historians, appreciatively characterized, speak for themselves. Thucydides is called "a confirmed misogynist." Of Pythagoras, from whom Plato borrowed largely, it is remarked that the main structure of his philosophy, however dimly it looms through the ages, is of impressive grandeur—a watch-tower of Zeus overlooking the infinities of space and time." Mr. Cotterill is a ripe classical scholar and humanist.

History as Past Ethics. By Philip Van Ness Myers. Ginn & Co., Boston. $1.50.

A veteran teacher of history, widely known by his valuable text-books, here completes the series by a history of the moral life of our race. Such a history gives ethical science its firm ground in fact, while it points infallibly toward the flying goal of the moral ideal.

Professor Myers takes up the important line of study begun in 1869 by Mr. Lecky in his classic work "The History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne," and broadens the field to its widest. From the dawn of morality in the kinship group he advances to the moral life in ancient Egypt, in China, in Japan, in India, in Persia, in Greece, in Rome, noting its various ideals, the determining influences and significant facts in each. In that ancient world were laid down the fundamental moral principles whose development after repeated and long arrest is the glory of recent and present time.

After Egypt and Zoroastrian Persia had brought religion and morality together, the prophets of Israel not only made their union the spiritual heritage of Christianity, but also first maintained the ideal of human brotherhood in a federated world, which Greek philosophy from Socrates to Plutarch subsequently affirmed. But as Israel's prophetic idealism was stifled for centuries by priestly ritualism, so its revival by the dynamic spirit of Jesus was smothered till recent times by the theological dogmatism which curdled Christianity into an intolerant creed. Of this far-reaching retrograde movement Professor Myers regards Augustine as the representative and promoter. Meanwhile the mediæval monasteries conserved the distinctive qualities of the modern social conscience. The awakening of mental life in the Renaissance served to awaken with it the moral life, which erelong asserted the revolutionary Protestant principle of the right of private judgment. After this had lain for three centuries in the shackles of an intolerant theology, the long-arrested moral evolution, emancipated by science, began to advance apace, impelled by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the mighty spirit of modern democracy, essentially one with the spirit of primitive Christianity.

Inspired by this survey of the past, the historian here becomes prophet of the transvaluation of values by which a new moral consciousness is bringing in a new social order. Thus he closes his work with climactic effect and practical point. It is a book of serious value. One strange slip must be noted, viz., "In the United States there was very little anti-slavery feeling prior to 1830." That the contrary is true Dr. L. W. Bacon's "History of American Christianity" gives abundant proof.

Theological Symbolics. By Charles Augustus Briggs, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

This, Dr. Briggs's latest work, posthumously published, was designed as a means toward the reunion of the divided Church. Using "symbolics" as a synonym of creeds, he takes first the fundamental, constituting "the common inheritance of historical Christianity"—the ecumenical creeds; then the particular symbolics of the Roman and the Reformed Churches; lastly, the comparative, the doctrinal statements of the separated Churches, to determine their points of consent and dissent, and their underlying principles. The result thus reached is that "Christian symbolics seems to have brought us to a situation in which the reunion of Christ's Church is impossible as far as faith is concerned." Yet unity is possible, if it "may be arranged in a supreme jurisdiction on the basis of the fundamental faith and institutions of the Church," just as the States of our Union are united under its supremacy, limited by a National Constitution, which secures both their particular jurisdictions and their comity. Throughout the volume "faith" is used in the sense of doctrinal belief—contrary to New Testament usage except in one or two passages near the end of the Apostolic age. Faith is distinctively a moral act; doctrinal belief, an intellectual.

This work and Dr. Schaff's "The Creeds of Christendom" are mutually complementary; each ample where the other is meager. In his reliance on Plato and Aristotle for a metaphysic of Christian doctrine impregnable to modern science and philosophy Dr. Briggs's hope of Christian unity on that basis is certainly courageous. It is a singular misconception of the real supernatural which sets down Ritschl and his evangelical school as its "opponents."

Other People's Money and How the Bankers Use It. By Louis D. Brandeis. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.

Where and Why Public Ownership Has Failed. By Yves Guyot. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

These two books are symptoms of the profound but often incoherent public interest in the most vital social and political problem which confronts the American people to-day—namely, the problem of establishing right and wise relations between government and industry. Is industry wholly a private matter, to be developed by private initiative and regulated by private ethics, from which all government "meddling" should be eliminated as far as possible, or is it a social matter to be regulated by government, with the elimination as far as possible of the incentive of all private rewards? Mr. Brandeis and Mr. Guyot take the extremes on the opposite sides of this question. It is true that Mr. Brandeis devotes his chapters nominally to a consideration of the so-called "money trust;" but he clearly implies that the inevitable tendency of private control of industry is towards selfish despotism. Mr. Guyot's volume, which is more scientific and statistical than Mr. Brandeis's, is written from the point of view that government ownership or management or control of public utilities is weak, inefficient, and corrupt. On the one hand, we have a man who inclines to the view that every private capitalist is guilty until he is proved innocent; on the other, we have a man who believes that every public administrator is guilty until he is proved innocent.

We group these two books together because they ought to be read together. We think the truth lies midway between the two. Reading them in contrast brings out with unusual clearness the danger of an extreme position of both the reactionary and the radical.

Mr. Guyot makes the following statement as his opening premise:

> Down to the present time there have been only three mainsprings of human action—compulsion, bribery, and instinct for personal gain.

Mr. Brandeis would doubtless be one of the first to resent such a sordid and materialistic view of the history of the human race; but it would not be surprising if Mr. Guyot denounced with equal resentment those chapters in which Mr. Brandeis accuses the banker of being an inefficient and "superfluous oligarch," and intimates that big business is a curse.

Mr. Brandeis quotes a wise saying of President Wilson's: "No country can afford to have its prosperity originated by a small controlling class." This is quite true; but it is equally true that no country can afford to have its prosperity hindered by a great bureaucratic class. This country wants neither oligarchy nor bureaucracy in industry; it wants democracy. Private initiative and private reward for the individual and social co-operation for the welfare of the social organism are equally essential elements in a democracy. Mr. Brandeis and Mr. Guyot are useful prophets of the evils of unregulated private control, on the one hand, and unregulated bureaucratic control, on the other; but the man who succeeds in creating a constructive policy of industry will be the man who succeeds in combining the advantages of individualism with the advantages of social co-operation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE READER'S VIEW

GLADSTONE AND HOME RULE

I have read with a great deal of interest the article in your issue of April 4 on "The Struggle over Home Rule," by Grace S. H. Tytus. I would like, however, to call your attention to what is apparently an inaccuracy where that writer makes the statement that the Gladstone Ministry in 1886 finally pushed the Home Rule Bill "through Parliament by means of the 'steam roller' and the parliamentary 'guillotine,' and became law, only to relapse with the fall of the Ministry, . . . before it had a chance to come into operation."

According to the "Cambridge Modern History," Volume 12, page 84, Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill was defeated in the House of Commons by a vote of 343 to 313. See also "Encyclopædia Britannica," eleventh edition, Volume 12, page 71, and Volume 9, page 479. Upon Gladstone appealing to the country, his Ministry was defeated. Apparently, therefore, the authors of these supposedly authoritative works did not know that the Home Rule Bill was "steam-rollered" through Parliament.

Gladstone's second Home Rule Bill, introduced in 1897, passed the House of Commons by a majority of 34 votes, but was defeated in the House of Lords by a vote of 419 to 41. (See "Cambridge Modern History," Volume 12, page 49, "Encyclopædia Britannica," Volume 12, page 71.) Immediately after this Gladstone resigned and was succeeded by Lord Rosebery.

It would appear, therefore, that the Home Rule Bill has never yet been passed into law either by means of the "steam roller" or otherwise.

A. E. VROOMAN.

Arcola, Saskatchewan, Canada.

THE IRISH HOME RULE QUESTION

Two sentences in your editorial of April 4 on this subject deserve even more space than you have given, viz.: the reference to "past . . . conflicts partly racial and partly religious," and the suggestion of a local parliament for the north and south of Ireland.

It seems to me that the "racial" element is strong enough to be considered alone, and it is surprising that Parliament has never considered this. This will be seen from the fact that Ulster is largely peopled by what is called Scotch-Irish, which is a misnomer, as they are neither Scotch nor Irish, or, as Professor J. R. Commons says, "they are very little Scotch and much less Irish," but "the most composite of all people of the British Isles. . . . They are a mixed race through whose veins runs the Celtic blood of the primitive Scot and Pict, the primitive Briton, the primitive Irish, but with a larger admixture of the later Norwegian, Dane, Saxon, and Angle."

As to the mentality of the "Scotch-Irish," Mr. H. C. Lodge some years ago compiled a table showing the number of individuals of various races in America whose names were found in "Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography." For our purpose it will only be necessary to tabulate the first eight nationalities, which are as follows: English, 10,376; Scotch-Irish, 1,439; German, 659; Hugenot, 589; Scotch, 436; Dutch, 336; Welsh, 159; Irish, 109.

It will be seen that by heredity and their northern environment, always superior to that of southern latitudes, the "Scotch-Irish" element are a very peculiar people, and temperamentally equal to the very best of the tribes, and on this ground mainly should a proper form of government be considered by the mother country, which can best be secured by a natural division of the country into North and South Ireland.

S. MCCONNELL.

Chicago, Illinois.

TO HELP THE DEAF

There has been brought to my attention within the past few months a work to be reckoned a charity of the best order, which is in its way both novel and unique. This work is among the deaf and hard-of-hearing in New York City. Curiously enough, though deafness is quite general and extremely restricting, little has been done toward the aid and relief of those thus afflicted. In various parts of the country workshops have been specially established for the blind; in New York City a truly great work is being done for those thus afflicted; but the deaf are expected to take their chances of employment with the physically competent. And very little has been done to alleviate their condition. Yet the general experience of those who are in a position to know is that the difficulty of securing employment is almost as hard for the deaf as for the blind. There are at present very few positions open to the hard-of-hearing.

To better this situation and meet other needs the Nitchie Service League was formed and incorporated in New York about two years ago. Originally it was made up solely of persons hard of hearing who through their own limitations realized the necessity of others similarly afflicted and less fortunate than themselves. The League has grown and is now doing an exceedingly serviceable work. It gives scholarships in lip reading with the purpose of helping deaf persons to "hear with their eyes," and thus be enabled to take their places with the unafflicted. It conducts an employment bureau and brings together possible employers and em-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ployees, fitting the individual to the occupation for which he or she is most competent. It makes, under certain conditions, loans, and, believing that one of the greatest misfortunes of deafness is the loss of social intercourse and recreation, conducts a club-room and gives entertainments at which persons hard of hearing may meet on equal terms. The club-rooms, employment bureau, and general offices of the League are at 18–20 East Forty-first Street, New York. The President is Mrs. G. P. Metz.

All work of this order requires financial support, but in the second annual report of the Nitchie Service League, which has just been published, heading its list of requirements is publicity in order to reach those whom it can assist.

I cannot claim the honor of being one of the organizers or officers of this League or having any direct connection with it, but I have been specially impressed by the valuable service it is rendering. Aid which reaches out and strengthens the individual, making the "leaner" into a "lifter," giving independence to the dependent, and opening avenues of usefulness for those who are physically handicapped and would otherwise be unemployed, is certainly upbuilt upon a sound basis and in accordance with the highest conception of the word charity.

Washington, D. C. LEILA MECHLIN.

"FALLING DOWN A MINE SHAFT"

In relation to your interesting comment under the heading "Falling Down a Mine Shaft" (The Outlook, May 9), I am only a layman, but my mind does not accept the explanation that because of the rotation of the earth on its axis the particle would strike the side.

The generally accepted explanation of the so-called spitball in baseball suggests an explanation for this. That is, that the object gathers in front of itself a body of compressed air and then turns very slightly to one side or the other in escaping it. If the object were revolving when it started to fall, the air pocket would be pushed a little to one side from the first, and the deflection of the object would be more gradual, but even greater, just as occurs with the curved baseball. G. W. WAKEFIELD.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

THE CANAL POLICE FOR ALASKA

Using the Canal Zone police officers, who may no longer be needed here because of depopulation of the Zone, as the nucleus for a mounted police in Alaska, similar to the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police, is an idea to which I would ask your consideration and possible approval.

It is said that Secretary Garrison wishes to withdraw the soldiers now in Alaska. Secretary Lane has so repeatedly said that he wants the Canal organization in Alaska that it would seem that he might well welcome this suggestion, for it would give him a part of the Canal organization that could perform important and valuable service now, and much more important work as Alaskan population increases.

As ex-United States army men the Canal Zone officers know how to take care of themselves. This ability to obey orders, supplemented by the *esprit* of the Canal Zone police—that the man for whom a Canal officer once starts *must* be taken, and with the least possible injury—has so trained the Canal police that of 50,000 arrests made on the Zone 40,000 (actual figures) were settled without other advice than that of the officers of the force. These figures, considered with the peaceful and law-abiding conditions of the Canal Zone, are a recommendation that challenges consideration for a body of men so adapted to meet the conditions that must soon be confronted in Alaska.

Ancon, Canal Zone. HAMILTON FOLEY.

OLD-TIME RAILROADING

In Dr. Abbott's "Reminiscences," in the issue of The Outlook for February 28, may I call your attention to an error?

I believe it was the New York and Harlem instead of the New York and New Haven Railroad which maintained passenger and freight depots below Forty-second Street. Among our books of rules and other instructions for the government of drivers and others handling "cars" about that time, I find reference to the speed on Centre Street Hill. W. E. BROWN,
Train Dispatcher.

New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, White Plains, N. Y.

A RATIONAL COAL POLICY

If there is one thing that is settled with regard to our Alaskan policy, it seems to be that the coal mines there shall be owned by the Government and operated, for the most part, under lease. Most of the mineral lands in the United States proper of which we know anything are already in private hands, but there are still some owned by the public. In handling these it seems that the old policy of private monopoly is to be followed, for it was recently announced from Washington that thousands of acres of coal lands in Oklahoma would be thrown open to entry.

Now, if operation under lease is good in Alaska, why is it not good elsewhere? What are the facts about the production, ownership, and sale price of coal?

In 1912 the United States produced 75,323,855 long tons of anthracite, valued at the mines at $177,622,626, and 450,004,982 short tons of bituminous, valued at $517,983,445. Once upon a time the mines belonged to the people. Just what was realized from them when they passed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into private hands cannot be told, but certainly it was a mere bagatelle compared with their present capitalization, which runs into the millions. The United States Steel Corporation owns over sixty thousand acres of the Connellsville coal, said to be the best coking coal in the world. What the trust paid for it we do not know; but Mr. Charles Schwab has said that it could not be bought for $60,000 an acre. We may be sure that it is capitalized for "all the traffic will bear." Thirty years ago there were many operators in the field, and genuine competition largely governed prices. The railways entered the business and, by controlling transportation, crushed out the independents. Then a law was passed to prevent the railways from engaging in the mining business. Did they give up? Not much. They simply organized independent holding companies and continued to hold up the public by extortionate prices. Strikes are common in the mines; but the operators compensate themselves for such losses by taxing the public. Thus in 1912 the operators in the anthracite region compensated themselves for their losses by advancing the price of coal twenty-five cents a ton, though they had increased the wages of the miners only nine cents. The writer has a very vivid recollection of contributing eighteen dollars at one time, a few years ago, to the operators in Arkansas.

And now it is announced from Washington that other coal lands are to be thrown open to private entry. That certainly is the law, and for that the present administrator of the coal lands is not to blame. But if operation under lease is good for Alaska, why not for the rest of the country? Secretary Lane thinks that it is; but his bill for the Government monopoly of mineral lands not now privately owned is making slow progress, though it interferes with no "vested rights." In Germany they are going after vested rights for the public good, and we are put in the anomalous position of making representation in behalf of the Standard Oil Company, which our courts have outlawed.

The day of competition in our great industries has passed. If there is to be monopoly, it should be public, not private, or at least controlled by the public. Operation under lease has been tried with success in some industries. Just before it was too late to save anything, Minnesota waked up to the fact that her once barren hillsides had a value beyond the richest dreams of avarice. The Steel Corporation had found it out first, had secured most of them, had capitalized them at an enormous sum, and was exacting a "fair return." But Minnesota said that it was not fair, and passed a law for the operation of her unsold mines under lease for fifty-year terms at $100 per annum and a royalty of twenty-five cents per ton of ore.

And this is what the people gained: A permanent school fund of $22,614,294, a university fund of $1,506,136, an internal improvement fund of $2,951,610, and a swamp fund of $2,671,727 from the sales of land and timber and the royalties on the mines; a total of $29,743,767, from which they receive an annual interest of over $1,000,000, and to which they are adding over $1,350,000 every year. The State Auditor estimates that the public school fund will amount to $200,000,000 in fifty years, and the university fund to $20,000,000. The largest accumulations have come from the sales of land and timber, yet the mines have played their part. In 1911 the income from royalties was $329,909. Yet the State mines produced only a little over one-thirtieth of the ore mined within her borders—that is to say, instead of $325,000, the yearly additions should be $9,750,000! In 1913 the Legislature appropriated only $9,231,535. In other words, if the State owned all the mines within her borders and operated them under her old lease law, which has been repealed because deemed too favorable to the operators, it could meet its entire running expenses and pay a dividend to its citizens. Nor does this include the annual timber sales of $515,830.

And still we are paying tribute to the Iron Trust, the Oil Trust, the Timber Trust, the Coal Trust, and all the rest. We are even making some of our laws more favorable to the trusts, such as the recent Homestead Act. How long will the American people endure this? How long will Congress ignore our rights?

University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Arkansas. DAVID Y. THOMAS.

THE IMMIGRANT'S BAEDEKER

Referring to the article published in The Outlook of February 7 entitled "An Immigrant's Baedeker," your source of information must have been incorrect. The "movement" was "initiated" in Connecticut, not in "New York," and in 1909, not "recently."

The Connecticut Daughters of the American Revolution raised the sum of five thousand five hundred dollars ($5,500) to publish "The Guide to the United States" in five editions and four languages, employing Mr. John Foster Carr, of New York, to compile the book. In round numbers, the Connecticut Daughters have put six thousand seven hundred dollars ($6,700) into the work. Kindly make this correction that the Connecticut Daughters of the American Revolution may have the credit due them.

ANNE ROGERS MINOR,
State Vice-Regent and
Chairman Guide Finance Committee.
Waterford, Connecticut.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BY THE WAY

How big is our population now? The Census Bureau's estimate, based on percentages of increase, with due allowances, is that on July 1, 1914, the population of the United States should be 98,781,324. If to that is added the population of our island possessions, the total rises to 109,021,992.

It is often said that literary quality and popular dramatic effectiveness are rarely combined. An indication of the contrary is seen in the winning, by Miss Alice Brown, of the $10,000 prize offered by Winthrop Ames for the most desirable play. The manuscripts were submitted anonymously. Alice Brown's stories of New England life and character are recognized by all critics as fine in flavor and style, and true to nature and to type. Her play is called "The Children of Earth."

Our soldiers on the border and in Vera Cruz appreciate books and magazines. The Outlook lately asked the War Department how contributions of this kind could be sent. We quote from the reply: "You are informed that such reading matter, if properly boxed and impersonally addressed as for the use of the enlisted men of the army, may, upon being turned over to the nearest quartermaster, be transmitted to the camps of soldiers on duty in the field in Mexico and on the Texas border free of expense. Such reading matter donated in New York City for use of troops in the field should be turned over to the depot quartermaster in that city for transportation."

The remnants of what is thought to be the balloon in which the ill-fated Andrée ascended in 1897, in an attempt to reach the North Pole, have been lately found in a forest in eastern Siberia. No positive trace of Andrée or of his two companions has ever been found, but buoys thrown from the balloon have been picked up —one by a steamer, two or three others on the coasts of Iceland and Norway. Reports of the finding of the balloon—or parts of it—have been investigated before this without result.

Mr. John Gribble, of Philadelphia, who presented to Scotland the Glenriddell-Burns manuscripts sold by the Liverpool "Athenæum," as described in The Outlook some months ago, has written to Lord Rosebery regarding the future custody of the two volumes. He proposes the formation of a trust, consisting of Lord Rosebery and the Lord Provosts of Edinburgh and Glasgow, the trust to continue until a national library is established in Scotland.

Among the things discussed in a recent Consular report from China was the rapid spread of European-style clothes among the Chinese. The Consul says that all Chinese officials wear frock coats and evening dress on formal occasions. It is also customary for merchants and other business men to keep foreign clothes in reserve. It is now possible to find tailors in any city of importance in China, and the Consul says their business has doubled in two years.

Much value in little space is found in rare orchids. One sold in London the other day for $7,500. A despatch describing the orchid show at which this sale took place says: "Most of the valuable orchids were exhibited behind a grille, the doors of which were securely padlocked. In former years it has been found that the zeal of collectors often dulls their sense of absolute honesty, and valuable orchids have frequently been returned to their owners robbed of their pollen."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes, the detective, when on his recent visit to this country quoted with delight the remark made to him by a plain-spoken critic as regards the revival for fiction purposes of the great Sherlock after he had been neatly killed off, to the effect that "Sherlock may not really have died, but, anyway, he has not been the same man since!"

What was the first book printed on the American continent? According to one account, at least, it was a work which appeared in Mexico City in 1536. In Seville, Spain, Jules Cromberger had a printing establishment, and he decided that it would be a profitable venture to move to the New World. He sent over a printing-press in charge of Juan Pablos. This was the first press in America, and the year after its arrival the first book was printed. It was in Spanish, the title being "A Spiritual Ladder for Reaching Heaven."

Mining for oil is peculiar to Scotland, for there are no oil wells in the Scottish field. The oil is not even fluid, but exists in a shale formation. This shale is almost as black as coal and lies at a depth of about four hundred feet below the earth's surface. The oil shale is mined just as coal is mined, the rock is crushed into small pieces in crushing works similar to coal-breakers, and the crude oil is squeezed out of the small pieces of shale much as water is squeezed out of a sponge.

New York City now has a distinctive emblem, typical of its vast industrial and commercial activities. The emblem was evolved by the Merchants' Association after a prize competition in which a large number of drawings were submitted. It is a circular design, showing a three-quarter view of the Statue of Liberty upon its pedestal, thrown into relief against a background displaying the harbor and shipping and a typical portion of the sky-line of lower Manhattan, with the name "New York" above.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED